

BELGIAES TROVBLES, AND TRIVMPHS.

WHEREIN ARE TRVLY
and Historically related all the most fa-
mous Occurrences, which haue happened be-
tweene the Spaniards, and Hollanders in these last
four years Warres of the Netherlands, with other
Accidents, which haue had relation vnto them, as the
Battels of *Fleurie*, and *Statloo*, the losse of *Gh-*
licke and *Breda*, the Sieges of *Sluce* and
Bergen, the Conquest of *St. Salua-*
dor in *Brasil*, and the taking
of *Goffe* by *Charles Lam-*
bert, &c.

Written by WILLIAM CROSSE, master of Arts
of *St. Mary Hall* in *Oxford*, and sometimes Chap-
laine vnto Colonell *Ogle* in the *Netherlands*.

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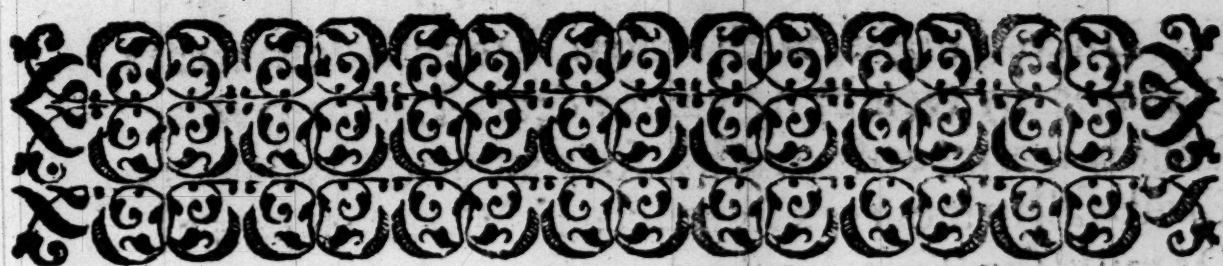
TO THE RIGHT HO-
NOVRABLE, AND TRVELY
noble Lords, the Earle of E s s e x, and
my Lord MOVNTIOY, *William Crosse*
wisheth the increase of Temporal,
and the fulnesse of Spirituall
happinesse.

MOST Illustrious Lords, amongst
all the List of our Time-VVor-
thies, I could find none to whom I
might consecrate this First part
of Belgiaes Troubles and Tri-
umphs, sooner then to your Ho-
noured selues, as being the Sonnes
of two so Noble, and high-deser-
uing Fathers, the Mirrours of these latter Ages; whose
Examples concurring with the inbred vertue of your
owne Dispositions, inuite you to the Patronage of Arts,
to the Profession and Exercise of Armes: the former
you haue manifested by your Munificence; the latter,
by the free aduenture of your owne Persons: as you my
Lord of Essex, at your first ascent into the Palatinate,
for your Ingagements in the Seruice of the Nether-
lands, your and last attending with much Constancy and
Valour, in the troublesome Leaguers of Meede, and
A 2 Rosendale.

Rosendale. And you my Lord Montioy, for your
worth and Noblesse, exemplified at the Siege of Ber-
gen op Zoom, for the rescuing of Monsieur Breou-
tees Bodie from the Spaniards at Meede Leaguer
neere Breda, and for the continuall perseuerance in
your Noble Resolutions, and heroycall Indeuours:
The Authour doubts that malicious Criticisme may
haunt and ghost this impartiall Poeme, which glorifies
our English Nation, according to their condigne me-
rits, a thing omitted by the Dutch and French VVri-
ters, who giue ynough vnto themselves, but vnto vs too
little attributes of Honour. For these causes he seeks to
shelter this Fraught vnder the Lee of your Protecti-
ons, which if hee obtaines, by meanes of your Noble
Grants, hee shall for euer rest

The deuoted Seruant
of your Lordships

William Crosse



BELGIA'S TROVBLES AND TRIVMPHS.

The first Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

IN this part continued from the beginning of the yeare of our Lord God, 1621, unto the Ascension of our Saviour, in the yeare 1622, are contained the expiration of the last Truce, with a Proposition of a new Treatie; which the States reiect, because the Spaniards would not acknowledge them for free States in this Treatie. The preparations of both sides for warre. The meeting of our Troups at Skenckesconce. Their cruell March from thence to Dornicke. The terrible Sicknes which raigned in our Army. The imbattailing of our Foot-Companies on the North side of Dornicke. Graue Henricks fortunate escape from foure Cornets of the enemies Horse. The burning of his Lodgings and Stables by a casuall fire. Spinolaes opposition against the Prince of Oranges forces. Vanderbercks taking of Gulicke, and Inigoes repulse at Sluce: together with the burning of 50 Dorps in little Brabant by the States Armie, and the taking of the Gouvernour of Angola Prisoner by the Flushingers.

After the calmes of sweet-contenting Peace
Well passed were, and that luxurious ease
Had griped on those Armes, which fighting
Imbru'd with blood, with danger, death & feare; (were,
Bellona storming with a fatall rage,
Out of th'Infernall Cells calls forth a Page,

Belgiaes Troubles,

Fell Discord hight, with whom shee thus doth treat:
 Doe not thy trembling vaines deare Discord sweat
 Whole stormes of wrath? for that neglected warre
 Crest-fallen mournes in peace; and that, that barre
 Of milk-sop Treaties stoppes our raging Armes,
 Stain'd with the blood of *Belgiaes* former harmes.

Behold that swelling State; obserue and looke,
 How proudly shee hauing the chaines off shooke
 Of *Castiles* thraldome, liues in pleasing rest,

And roaues from Holland to the farthest West,

Spreading her tayle vnto * that Indian Maine,
 Found by *Columbus* for Gold-thirsting Spaine.

I long to drinke her blood, and to intombe

Her goared carkeise in my gaping wombe:

Rather let heapes of men, let millions die,

Then my blood-thirstie soule should want supply.

Think'st thou that Turnholts field, where * thousands fell,

Of slaughtred bodies could my longing quell?

Or famous Ostend, which for three yeares space

Maintain'd that siege, which did the world amaze?

Or that same blood, which fertiliz'd the sand,

That Mountaine like doth rise on Newports Strand?

These were but drops vnto my dropie soule,

Which drinking still doth thirst; goe fill my bowle

Brim full with vengeance, which I meane to powre

In stormes of blood on *Belgiaes* fruitfull shore.

There's liquor yet within the sacred vaines

Of great heroicke Spirits, that remaines

An obiect for my lust: there are the * *Yeares*,

Three thunder-bolts of warre, whose courage dares

T'affront whole Squadrons; there is *Cecil* braue,

These would I haue to make the field their graue.

With these time-honour'd * *Ogle* let mee place,

A Branch sprung from Northumbrian *Ogles* race,

And valiant *Mountioy*, who to *Blunts* great house

Fresh glory giues; with these then ioyne and rouse

Saintleger, *Conway*, *Burrowes*, and the rest,

Whose daring valour fitly may contest

The West In-
 dies were first
 discovered by
Columbus.

These three
 places in the
 Netherlands
 were famous
 for those fights
 which haue
 been made in
 them.

My Lord of
Oxford, Sir Ho-
 race, and Sir
Edward Vere.

The *Ogles* of
 Licolneshire
 came from the
Ogles of Nor-
 thumberland.

With

With Romes old Minions; let their whetted Armes
 Vpon thy summons take on fresh Alarmes.
 And since for richer streames of Princes blood,
 My soule doth long to drinke a crimson flood,
Hirudo-like, faine would I sucke the vaines
 Of great *Nassau*, which with their mouing straines
 Giue life vnto the members of that State,
 Who with their power the Spanish pride doe mate.
 With this fierce Discord moou'd, breaks all the barres
 Of sleeping Peace, and sets discordant Iarres,
 Doubtfull suspitions, iealous lurking feares,
 Fresh boyling in the breasts of * *Belgiaes* Peeres.
 Nor doth shee rest, but to increase the fire,
 Addes fuell to the flames, ioynes pride with ire,
 Malice with false, but yet pretended wrong,
 With which shee makes the Spaniard to prolong
 Treaties in shew; but yet inflames his sprite,
 With force to tame th'vnited Cantons might.
 The cause grew thus, there were of colder blood,
 Who ay'n'd at Peace, and at the publike good,
 Vnwilling that the Christians ciuill Iarres,
 Should breed domesticke, and intestine warres,
 These men perswade a parle, both condescend,
 But dissonant, remou'd from concords end.
 For *Philip* deeming that the twelue yeares truce,
 Did but the lustre of his Right abuse,
 And that the webbe of *Barneuelts* designe,
 Prou'd Fortunes scorne, an vsprung fruitlesse Mine :
 Besides, being vrg'd on by the firme Decree
 Of his owne Counsell, and the Roman See,
 And by their Engines taught, th' *Ignatian* crue,
 That 'twere more honour *Belgia* to subdue,
 Then for to conquer from the Midland-Sea
 The vast extent of Sun-burnt *Barbarie*,
 Vnto those sandie Deserts, that * *Leuant*,
 Whereas in troupes th' *Alarbian* Rouers haunt:
 Then to display their Ensignes on the Towers
 Of proud *BiZantiums* Sultanzed bowers

A Horleech
 or Bloodsucker

Belgia signi-
 fies the Ne-
 therlands.

The King of
 Spaine.

The Iesuites.

Leuant signi-
 fies East, or a-
 ny place East-
 ward.

Or subiugate all Greciaes fruitfull land,
 From *Hemus* top to *Hellespontus* Strand.
 These causes ioyned with his Titles prize,
 Faire seeming to some rash beholders eyes,
 By which hee claimes from *Burgundies* descent,
 Power absolute, and supereminent,
 Like fatall motiues, did still animate,
 The Spanish King, and *Austriaes* Potentate,
 To seeke out warres in peace, and Treaties faine,
 By which they might time and occasion gaine.
 True Spanish wiles, of *Gondamars* owne draught,
 By which they haue French, Dutch, and English caught,
 And wonne so many Scepters, so much ground,
 By their forg'd Parlees, false deluding sound,
 Preuailing more with the *Volponees* case,
 Then e're they could winne with the Lyons face.
 Thus did they wrest forth of the Frenchmens hands,
 Siciliaes crested Hilles, Calabriaes lands,
 Sweet Piemounts Vallies, and those fruitfull plaines,
 Which *Tbesin* waters with his Christall vaines;
 All those faire Regions, which extended lye
 From th' Alpine Mountaines vnto Tuscanie.
 With this old Spanish tricke they gaue the foyle
 To Princely *Fredericke*, and with Beamelands spoyle
 Loading their hungry Troupes, inforc't the Rhine
 To quit his Tribute to the Palatine.
 With the faire semblance of this glorious gloze,
 They thought th'intangled Hollanders to close,
 A Nation learn'd in their Castillian drifts,
 Their policies and Spaniolized shifts.
 For *Albert* doth propound Conditions faire,
 But Iudgement-weigh'd politique verball ayre.
 Hee'l seeme t'acknowledge these free men for free,
 Yet manumiz'd by force to libertie.
 Hee'l treat with them, as treating with free States,
 They being not so, but this disanimates
 Them from all parle; for nothing likes the same,
 Quoth they, and then shall we leaue freedoms name.

Read *Gnib.*
lib. 26.

Fredericke the
 Prince Pala-
 tine.

The Archduke
Albertus.

Nullum simile
est idem.

Shall

Shall wee bee seeming slaues, and lose that good,
 Which wee haue purchast with our dearest blood?
 Shall wee to Spanish thraldome chaine our necks,
 And basely stoope to those Imperiall becks
 Of *Austriaes* House? whose vaste ambitions fire,
 To th'European Empire doth aspire,
 And seekes to giue the Law to all those Nations,
 Which in this Climate hold their habitations.
 Why should not wee be dealt with as the *Swisse*,
 Whose fredome sure and vndependant is?
 Or as the rugged *Grison*, who doth plough
 The cragged *Valtolinaes* bending brower?
 Or that *Venetian* Sea-commanding State,
 To ballance *Austriaes* power ordain'd by Fate?
 Wee are as free as *Grison*, *Swisse*, or *Shee*,
 That ore the Seas claimes wedded Soueraigntie.
 Our Forces are as potent on both Maines
 In Shipping, men, and th'vnexhausted vaines
 Of our * *Cantoors*, the Sinewes by which warre
 Supported is, and Kingdomes strengthned are.
 Our Carbins mounted on their *Frieseland* Steeds
 Are matchlesse prest at all assayes and needs.
 Our Foot are braue well disciplin'd to fight,
 Equall to th'ancient Greekish *Phalangite*.
 Our Magazines are filled with Munition,
 Stuffed with store, and swelling with prouision,
 Besides our Ships now Dockt within the Ports,
 Our moouing Bulwarkes, and our flying Forts,
 Like to the Persian Fleet obscure the skie,
 Shadow the earth, and with their wings can flye,
 Forth from those Seas, that beat on Amsterdam,
 Vnto the farthest Straights of *Magellan*,
 To the *Moluccoes*, *Ginee*, and that shore,
 From whence *Castile* transports her golden Oare,
 With which shee buyes false hearts, and doth vnlocke
 The strongest gates without *Bellonaes* shocke.
 Then like to braue *Tuiscoes* sonnes let's arme,
 And chuse the lesse, to shun the greater harme.

Three free
Common-
wealths, and
so acknowl-
ged.

Exchequers, or
Treasuries.

Tuisco the fa-
ther of Dutch-
men.

With this both parties leaue their parling words,
 Both Arme, and fall to right deciding Swords,
 By which as by their Peeres they meane to trie
 Which side should haue the lawfull victorie.
 The Spanish Galecouns which vnrigg'd had lyed
 Euer since our farre-fam'd *Eliza* dyed.

Ships of warre

Those great * Armadaes which for England stood
 In Eightie eight, and like some Sea-borne wood,
 Coasted from Plimmouth to that narrow Sound,
 Where *Neptunes* surge from Dunkirke doth rebound;
 When *Howard*, *Crosse*, and *Hawkins* did repell
 That Westernne storme, which on our Regions fell,
 Commanded are to take the curled Maine
 Of foamy *Neptune*, and to entertaine
 The Hollanders with their broad-sided Tyres,
 Like *Aetna*, spuing forth infernall fires.

Tertio in Spanish signifies a Regiment.

Read *Liue*,
lib. 23 about
 the end.

The * *Tertioes* old, which Garison'd did lye
 In Naples, Sicill, and in Lumbardie,
 In the Maiorcan, and Sardinian Ile,
 Once * famous for the Carthaginians foyle,
 Receiue strict orders, and most strong commands
 To passe th'Alpes, and towards the Netherlands,
 With running Marches for to bend their course,
Albertus Armie there to reinforce.
 Nor doe the Dutch like Lethargists secure,
 Sleepe being prickt, but doe their minds inure
 To all preuentions, policies, and care,
 By which they may *Castiles* attempts out-dare,
 And giue the checke to all their proud designs,
 Their fearefull plots, and dang'rous new-sprung Mines;
 And since vpon defence that people stands,
 Which dwells within the watry Netherlands,
 Committees chosen are to view the Ports,
 Their Sconces, Townes, and all their frontier Forts,
 From Rayse, and Embricke, and those Easterne Verges,
 Where Rhine doth meet with Issells billowing surges,
 Vnto the Rammekins, Flushing, and Briels head,
 Seated vpon the Westernne Oceans bed.

The

The like they doe to Groningue on the North,
 And all that bending Frontier, which runnes forth,
 From cold East-Friseland, and * Ems frozen face,
 Southwards to Waal, and Brabant bordering Mase.
 Those full-mouthd Canons, which at Newports field
 Inforc't th' *Albertine* Regiments to yeeld,
 And with their * Tarlin shot discharged sure,
 Made the Sand-hills a common sepulture
 For those hote bloods, which neuer could agree,
 Nor sympathize in congruous qualitie,
 New mounted are, and ready for to make
 Vpon their foes a second Flanders Slate.
 Their high-prooffe Armours for their temper equall
 To * Millans making, and to Siras mettall,
 Their Corslets strong, in which their armed Pike
 Immured stands prepar'd to saue or strike,
 Swords, Carbins, Muskets, Instruments of fire
 New furbisht are, to wreake their thundring ire.
 Their winged Ships, the glory of their Armes,
 From whom th' Iberians haue receiu'd such harmes,
 Famous for their Sea-fights made neere the Kay
 Of rich Saint *Lukars*, and t' *Hanannaes* Bay,
 New calked are within their ouzie Dockes,
 T'incounter *Castiles*, and fierce *Neptunes* shockes.
 And since that those Laconian walls of bones,
 More stronger are then Rampierd Earth or Stones.
 And since that all defensiu meanes are fraile,
 If Maniples of armed Souldiers faile,
 They send for reinforcements and supplies
 From England, Scotland, France, and their Allies,
 * T' *Heluetian* Cantons, and those German Peeres,
 Whom *Austriaes* greatnesse fills with iealous feares.
 Thus *Belgia* being arm'd, and thus prepar'd,
 For selfe-defence against Inuasions made;
 Orders were giuen to their trayned Bands
 Of Horse and Foot their choycest * *Veteranes*,
 When as that dreadfull storme began to fall,
 Which menaced the vnited *Belgians* thrall,

The riuer of
Ems diuideth
 East and West
 Friseland.

Cases of Tin
 filled full of
 Musket bullets

At Millan and
 Siras are ex-
 ceeding good
 Armors made,

Switzerland,

Veterane sig-
 nifies an old
 Souldier.

To

Brisach, a small town in Switzerland.

The Rhine.

A part of Guelderland, lying neere the Rhine.

The Wallonian Countries.

Made of Puntts.

Dornicke, a small village in Cleueland.

To take the Mase, and swallow swifter Rhine,
 In their Samroses forc't with horse and winds
 Against the current of that purling flood,
 Which neere * Brisach leaues Danowes neighbourhood,
 And runnes along from out his Mountaine source,
 Vnto the Ocean with a Westerne course.
 The Randeuow's appointed neere the Bankes
 Of Wahal, beating on the Southerne flankes
 Of Skenks-Sconce, where this prince of German torrents
 Diuides it selfe into two seu'rall currents,
 And angry roaring runnes into the Sea,
 Because the Land parts Wahals company;
 Which to reuenge, when Winter once doth frowne,
 He yearly doth the * Betowes Surface drowne.
 The time when as our braue Battalions met,
 Was when the Sunne in Virgoes lap doth set,
 When mortalls Ceres inne to make them bread,
 And presse downe Bacchus fruits with clusters redd;
 Twas Augusts moneth, ere the Nassauians marcht
 To Grauenweert, or Spaniards counter. marcht
 From Flanders, and from * Walchland, where are spunne
 The finest Cambricks by the Belgian Nunne.
 Then after three dayes in that Station spent,
 Wherein we lookt for Frislands Regiment,
 And th' Amber-tressed Frisons being come
 From Franekaa; and from their Northren home,
 Through Issels Channell to that necke of land,
 Where all our Ships, and all our Troupes did stand.
 Our Drummes doe sound a March, our Ensignes flie,
 And with their Serean colours beate the skie,
 Our men dismarch, and passe Rhines slimie ridge
 Vpon their * Punted-new-compacted Bridge.
 Thence leauing Eltan on the left hand file,
 After the passage of a German mile,
 Wee doubled Embricks Turrets mounted high,
 Which opposite to famous Cleene doe lie.
 From thence we came to * Dornicks Champion fields,
 Which store of Corne, and Pulse abundance yeelds,
 Where

Where we dislodg'd West-Cleauelands sturdie Boores
 From house and home, and fed vpon their stores.
 That day th'Heauens powr'd cataracts of showers
 Forth of *Aquarius* Tempest-breeding bowers
 Vpon those Sands, whereon with tyred pace,
 Our bodies did the storme it selfe out-face.
 So that not onely our * *Besenoies* faint
 With this disgust, which did our Squadrons taint
 With following Feuers, Agues, and Catarrhes,
 With Leaguer Murraines, forced from the Iarres
 Of angric Nature ; but th'old *Phalangites*,
 The best Muskettiers, and the bravest Pikes,
 Whom neuer showers of bullets could affright
 At Newport, Ostend, nor ar Turnholts fight;
 Amazed with this Tempest, make a stand,
 Vpon the Surface of the tiring sand,
 And leane vpon their bended knees and armes,
 Disconsolate for selves, and others harmes.
 So that if euer *Conens* warlike hoast,
 Pursued at large from th'Aquileian coast,
 By *Theodosius* Reuenge breathing rage,
 Whō floods of blood, nor slaughtred heaps could swage,
 Being led by that bold *Brittans* sure command,
 Through rich Italiaes tract, and Galliaes Land,
 To that sweet shoare, which opposite doth lie
 Vnto the Clifles of *Charles* blest *Brittanie*,
 Had euer day, wherein the storming skie
 Distill'd his anger on mortalitie.
 If euer that time-honour'd *Bhalanx* had
 A day tempestuous, ominous and sad,
 When they retyr'd aboue two thousand miles,
 Maugre the Persians force-supported wiles;
 From that high land which lies beyond the Verges
 Of pearld Euphrates Arrow-swifter surges,
 Vnto the bankes of Euxin, and that flood
 Of Phasis, where free Trapizond then stood.
 If e're (I say) they suffered Heauens frowne,
 In cataracts of stormie showres powr'd downe,

Fresh water
 Souldiers.

Concerning
 these two long
 Retreats, read
 Sir *Walter*
Rauleighs Hi-
 story of the
 World.

Our men did then indure as much or more,
 Then euer Greeke or Britton did before.
 In that dayes March, wherein their eyes might see
 Griefe strue with paines, paines with varietie,
 Contending which should haue the leading place,
 Amongst our bands that hardly now could pace.
 For there you might behold the Curacier,
 Who neuer did the flaming Pistoll feare.
 Heere you might view the * Carbins belching fire,
 The Pike-men flout, and Musketers to tyre;
 And like some Ship stockt in the Lybian sands,
 To halt it oft, and often to make stands.
 There you might marke the French and Lukar walls,
 Two warlike Nations prest at *Mars* his calls,
 Who better can indure the scorching heat,
 Then dropping showres, and sense-benumbing wet,
 From the Vangard vnto the Reare cast backe,
 Their marching pase, and * *Pirrhicke*-Galliard slacke.
 Heere you might see a Voluntier lacke breath,
 Whom Honour had inforc't to seeke out Death
 In forraine Climates, whose sad destin'd lot
 The Aire did cause, yet seem'd to weepe thereat.
 Nor was the sowre tempestuous frowning night
 More cheerefull to vs, then this first dayes light:
 But being Twinnes, and brethren of one birth,
 They both alike inflict the groaning earth,
 Both light and darknesse ioyne their seuer'd hands,
 To powre reuenge vpon our weakened bands.
 For after that our Squadrons quartered were,
 Thirst was their drinke, sharpe hunger was their fare
 Their Helmets were the pillowes for their heads,
 Their glistring Corsets were their Iron beds,
 In which like *Basans* King, they sleepe, and dreame
 Of nothing else but their afflictions Theame.
 Your shaggie straw more precious was then downe
 Then softest plumes; for which men robbe the ground,
 Despoyle the Floods, and search the Christall skie
 For these light Emblems of their vanitie,

Carbins, taken
 figuratiuely
 for them who
 carry this
 weapon.
 A stand.

A Galliard
 found out by
Pyrrhus, re-
 sembling the
 order of mar-
 ching.

That

That so they might lodge in that various shell,
 Wherein the plants and featherd fowles did dwell.
 Our Gallants then wisht for their Mistresse Chamber,
 Perfum'd with vnctious Nard, with Muske and Amber,
 Who crosse the Germane Sea to drinke a * Fanne,
 And learne the Postures of a Leaguer Canne,
 Who for their Honors march vpon their Steed,
 When brauer men vpon their feet must speed,
 Clad all in Roabes of that new Scarlet Die,
 Which to the Tyrian is but mockery.
 But when we must some wall or Rampier open,
 Or some strong Port by Petards to bee broken,
 When fights are to bee made, and men relecu'd,
 In Trench or Sconce, their courage then is steeu'd:
 Their pendant Valour falls into their heele,
 Before they doe the Sword or bullet feele.
 Yet these mock-Souldier Gallants hauing spent
 Three or foure months with feare and languishment
 In some old Captaines Hutt, who knowes to drill
 Them of their Coyne, and his owne purse to fill,
 Returne to *London*, where in euery street
 You may these plum'd and Cassockt Souldats meet;
 Where, aske what newes: they'l tell you they haue scene
 The bloody Leaguer, and the deaths of men:
 They'l sweare th'au been at *Bergen*, and that fight,
 Which *Mansfield* made * in fenced *Namurs* fight,
 And talke of nought but Orders, Postures, Motions,
 Whereof themselves haue scarce the verball notions.
Thrasonian braues compar'd with Souldiers braue,
 Who make the field their house, their bed their graue,
 And scorne to speake of what themselves haue done,
 That so they may the Braggarts Stigma shunne.
 Nor were these glorious pusses the men alone,
 Which curs'd the warres, and wisht themselves at home,
 But other *Capuan* Souldiers, Carpet Knights,
 Who with their Crownes had bought out merits rights,
 And in the time of that long twelue yeares peace,
 VVhercin like Iades they liu'd in pomperd ease.

Fanne is foure
Cannes.

At *Flewrie*,
neere to *Na-*
murs.

Procured had some Office of command,
 By bribing gifts, and iuggling vnder hand:
 These men whom meanes, not merit had erected,
 With this disastrous night were much dejected,
 And their crest-fallen courage did sinke downe
 Lower then th'Earth on which they lodg'd vpon,
 Cursing the day, wherein their fathers crownes
 Had made them vassalls to *Bellonaes* frownes.

The Moone.

But after that * the siluer horned Planet,
 Which hid her head like some declining Comet
 In that fell Tempest, had vnloosd her Carre
 In Latmos Mount, and that the Sunne from farre,
 Mounting his Steeds in our Horizons poynt,
 Inlightned had the darksome firmament.

Our men like to the Solar opening Flower,
 Fresh courage tooke, fresh comfort in that howre,
 Wherein bright *Phaebus* with his cheerefull face,
 Began to runne the Zodiacks Western race.

Aduenne, signifies a passage.

Our Guards were then vpon th' *Aduennes* set,
 Fires kindled were, and forrage store was set,
 Prouisions by Direction were sent downe
 From *Skenks* strong Sconce, & Embricks rampard towne,
 Besides the ships wherein the baggage went,
 Were to the durtie Dornicks quarters sent,
 Wherein the Souldiers did receiue supplie
 In this first ingresse to necessitie,

Of those sad wants, which Custome knowne became
 Another Nature, to their Vertues fame.

Heere our Battalions did some three months lie,
 Prest with the terrours of Mortalitie,
 With Lice, with Hunger, and vncessant Raine,
 Which filld the Rhine, with all the bordring plaine.

Our men were shopt vp in those Barnes and Cells,
 Wherein the Milke-sop Cleuiaes Peasant dwels,
 Where like some fleecie fold with hurdles pent,
 We past our time in pining languishment:

Signifies a standing campe.

And in that * Leaguer was our patience knowne,
 More then our active Valour e're was showne:

For

For hauing spent the reliques of that store,
 Which was prouided by th'vplandish Boores;
 And after that rich Embricks fertill plaine
 Dismanteld was of trees, of corne and graine
 By our Forragiers, who did better know
 To cut, then plant; to reape, then till or sowe.
 Our Conuoyes then did for their forrage poast
 Beyond the Riuer to that Southerne coast,
 Where stately Cleue vpon a Mountaine stands,
 Which all the Frontier thereabouts commands.
 We marcht neere Goffe and Zantams new built walls
 For straw and fewell at our Drums sad calls,
 Where the proud * *Genoan* Marquesse then did lie
 With his best Horse, and choyce Infanterie,
 To stop our passage, and th'attempts to breake
 Of the *Nassauian* Squadrons, now growing weake
 With a disease, which in their Troups did raigne,
 With franticke fits, with sense-confounding paine:
 Which fierce contagion did not onely touch
 The French, or Scots, our English, or the Dutch,
 But spread it selfe, like to some broken ball
 Of sulphurous wild-fire through our Quarters all,
 From Eltam where Cleues Votaries did wunne,
 Southwards to Greet, and towards the rising Sunne,
 Where Raife being iealous of the bordring foe,
 Her horned Workes, and Rampiers new doth show.
 Neuer that *Simois*-neere intrenched troupe
 With pestilence did more infected droupe,
 When *Phœbus* moon'd for * fayre *Chriseis* Rape,
 Whom *Atreus* sonne to's lust did captiuat,
 Darted his wrath vpon those Grecian Bands,
 Which would not yeeld to *Chriseus* faire demands.
 Neuer the Plague wrought a more direfull bane
 In *Salems* Citie, when *Vespasian*
 With his *Pretorian* Cohorts did surround
 Mount Sions walls, and that more sacred ground
 Whereon the Temple stood, proud *Asiaes* wonder,
 Whose spired crest *Osiris* vaile did sunder,

Spinola, a Ge-
 nouese by
 discent,

Concerning
 this plague,
 read *Homer*
 the first of the
Iliads.

Read *Iosephus*
Bello Iud. lib.

Then our weake Troupes were with this murraine prest,
 Whose furie did our Cohorts all infest,
 And like some sad *Mephitis* pierst their vaines,
 Procuring death with fierce tormenting paines.
 Some Regiments which could two thousand shew,
 When wee first marcht vnto the Randeuow,
 Could scarce fiae hundred of that number tell,
 Excepting those, who by this sicknesse fell.
 Some Companies whose Squadrons were compleat
 Full sixescore strong, when we at *Skensks*-Sconce met,
 Could not a Tertian of that List produce,
 Fit for the Seruice, and Imployments vse;
 Those that did liue could scarce intombe the dead,
 Nor giue due rights to them that perished:
 Those that were sound could not attendance giue
 Vnto the feeble, nor the sicke relieue.
 In eu'ry place was nought but desolation,
 Skie-piercing cries, and fearefull lamentation:
 Vollics of Shot a fatall Dirge did sing,
 Which ecchoing from th'adiacent *Rhine* did ring,
 Whose *Golgoth'd* banks became one vaulted tombe,
 Inclosing heapes within their spacious wombe,
 Amongst which * Carnage grim-fac'd death did stalke,
 And on these Trophees did triumphing walke,
 Wishing her hand with one all-killing blow,
 Might all our Legions to th'Infernall throw.
 Some for this cause did blame the blamelesse Lawes
 Of potent Nature, and condemn'd that cause,
 Which by some iealous * *Oestrocisme* might banish
 These Spirits from this world, and cause to vanish,
 Those Seats of valour, that stupendious frame
 Vnto those Elements from whence they came.
 Others againe did curse false *Galens* Art,
 And our Campestrian Leaches, who doe part
 The quintessentiaall Spirits of trees and plants,
 Of Stones and Mettalls: and supply the wants
 Of feeble Nature with their Fomentations,
 With their Elixars, Iulips, and Purgations,

Signifies the
slaughter, or
mortalitie of
men.

A law amōgst
the *Athenians*,
by which they
banished great
men.

Who

Who giue their patients some *Asonian* pill,
 As they pretend, by which their bags they fill
 With *Perues* Gold, and with *Arabiaes* wealth,
 Themselues being impotent, deuoyd of health,
 Troubled with Coughs, with Agues, and Catarrhs,
 With Dropsies, Gowts, with those intestine Iarres,
 Which from distemperd humours doe proceed,
 When they deficient are, or doe exceed.
 But all in vaine; for 'twas the firme decree
 Of that all-changing, vnchang'd Deitie,
 VVhose purpose through defects doth neuer alter,
 All potent, because impotent to falter,
 VVhose power is such, that in a twinckling eye,
 It can consume large-spread mortalitie,
 Not being tyed to Fortune, Fate, or Chance,
 Gods onely knowne through mans meere ignorance;
 'Twas hee that strucke with his all-powerfull hand,
 Which checks the roaring Sea, which rules the land,
 Our suffering Troupes, whose Valour oft had scapt
 The Canons shot, and murdring Muskets fate.
 'Twas hee that made those fields a common graue
 For th'English, Dutch, and all those Nations braue,
 Who scorning peace, themselues to warres did wedde,
 And chusing those decaisd in Honours bedde.
 But ere that this contagion was full spread,
 Or that his force had got a * *Lernean* head,
 About Saint *Michaels* day, th'Archangels feast,
 Fame bruited had, that from the bordring East,
Liguriaes glory, and proud *Genoaes* pride,
 Great *Spinola*, for's Fortune Deifide
 By the Saint-making Conclaue, was falne downe
 From Weezels walls, to Goffe and Zantoms Towne,
 And that his Troupes with more then Spanish hast,
 Vpon their Puats the pearled Rhine had past,
 Threatning to powre forth their long cankred ire,
 In dreadfull stormes of Bullets, Sword, and fire.
 This rumour first was grounded on the voyce
 Of Fames * *Engastromists*, the vulgar noyse,

Hidraes head.

* Are those properly so called,
 who speak out
 of their bellies.

VVho

Who trumpet out for loud resounding Fame,
 Things not done for things done, and make the same
 Which but appearing was, apparant true
 To the deceiued worlds deceiuing view:
 Who taking it, this Marchandise doth sell
 To those Retaylors, whose broad eares doe dwell
 In Tauernes, Barbers shops, and publike Marts,
 Where lyes are sold to hollow Spungeous hearts,
 For Beere, for Wine, and that eurst Indian weed,
 Whereon these puffes of noueltie still feed.
 But this report high mounted on the wing,
 In our Dornician Tents did forthwith ring,
 And came to *Nassawes* honourable Count,
 Whose Counsell doth Spaines policies surmount;
 Who like to *Argus* with his hundred eyes,
 Attends the designs of their *Mercuries*,
 Of their *Proteian* Engines of State,
 Whose subtiltie doth seeke to master Fate:
 Hee straight growes iealous, that this great Brauado
 Might turne at length to some nights Camisado;
 Or that the daring foes might courage take,
 And our Disasters might them animate
 T'incounter in Campania with our Bands,
 Which now began to languish of all hands.
 For these respects hee fortifies at Greets
 Close to the Riuer, which the * Curtin beats;
 Then opposite to Embricke builds a Fort
 Commanding all the South and Western Port:
 Besides, he Reinforcements sends to Raife,
 And sets strong Guards vpon the neighb'ring wayes,
 Whose wide Meanders give a passage free
 Vnto th'incurfions of that enemy,
 Whose malice hath long sought by *Romes* aduice,
 Ouer these Cantons free to Monarchie.
 Nor so the Prince doth rest, but takes th'Alarme,
 Giues order to the Squadrons all to arme,
 And drawes them into Battaille on that plaine,
 Which from the Campe respects * *Beoter* waine.

The Curtin is
 that part of the
 wall, which
 runs in length
 from one An-
 gle to another.

This field lay
 to the North-
 ward of the
 Leaguer.

This

This *Phalanx* first did stand vpon a line
 Whose depth was one about the perfit nine.
 His steeled front which fac'd the rising Sun
 From pointe to point three thousand yards did run,
 Wherein each troupe, with all the different nations
 Imbattail'd stooode, and ranged in their stations.
 The Vanguard our victorious English had.
 With their red cross'd Ensignes, *Cecil* ladde
 Those Regiments, whom *Gulicke* once did see.
 Chiefe in commande are th' English Infantrie.
 When England, France and Holland did combine
 For *Brandenburge*, and did their forces ioyne
 To impeach the Spaniarde, and to breake that plot
 By which he Cleue with *Iuliers* after got.
 Neere him with equall distance * *Yeare* doth stand,
 Who in *Horatioes* absence did commaunde
 Those hardie Cohorts, which had often tried
 The *Iberians* force, and all their Braues defied.
 Next *Ogle* rangd his bands, that Martiall Knight,
 Famous for Ostends siege, and Newports fight,
 Where he preuaild both with his sworde and parling,
 And shewd himselfe both *Mars* and *Hermes* darling.
 Close vnto these vpon the left hand flanke
 Great * *Leisters* son marcht in the formost ranke,
 VVhose courage longd to reuenge *Sidneyes* blood
 Spilt neere to *Zutphen* for our *Unions* good.
 The battell by that nation was tooke vp.
 VVho *Nesses* streames, and *Fyndornes* water sup;
 VVith these were ioynd their antient fast *Alics*
 VVhose native soile twixt *Some* and *Garronn* lies.
 The French commaunded were by *Chatillion*.
 By *Hotterine* and *Curtimeers* braue baron.
 The Scots were *Brogues* and *Hindersons* sole chardge,
 VVhose honour death at *Bergen* did inlarge,
 VVhere he being shot gaue vp his glorious soule
 Into his hands, who Armies doth controule.
 The reare consisted * of those warlike bands,
 VVhich dwell in *Bearnes*, and *Basils Cantond* lands,

Sir *Edward*
Yeare Lieut-
 nant Colonell
 to Sir *Horatio*.

My Lord
Lisle.

The Scots and
 French had
 the middle
 battell.

The Suitzers
 and the Dutch
 had the Reare.

Of the long tressed Frisons, and the Dutch
 VVhom Countries loue and libertie doth touch
 VVith an inflamed Patriots burning zeale,
 Whose thoughts tende all vnto the publike weale.
 Besides this list there were of Voluntiers
 Braue numbers, and of brauer martiall Peeres,
 Who for religions cause, for honours sake
 Had left their deereft deares, to vndertake,
 The wargods seruice: here *Essex* his Counte
 Appears as Leader in the foremost fronte:
 With him marcht he, that Hollands title beares
 Amongst the list of our illustrious Peeres,
 And *Hopton* too, whom let me not forget,
 Borne in the fields of flowerie Sumerfet)
 My friend and fellow both in Armes and Arts:
 With the sweete tune of which harmonious parts,
 Thou dost inforce my selfe, my muse, my loue
 T'admire their worths inspired from aboue.
 Thee vast *Herciniaes* woods, and *Isters* bedde
 Swift *Albis* current, and the *Neckars* heade,
 Know and resound their Panegiricke layes.
 Which blazon forth thy fame deserving praise.
Brunswicke the scourge of that Monasticke frie,
 Here likewise marcht with our Infanterie,
Mountgomrie, *Chatillon*, and diuerse more,
 From *Almaine*, *France* and cold* *Albaniaes* shoare,
 Whose boiling bloods did long to trie their might
 Against the *Marques* in plaine open fight.
 But long they might, for that * *Ligurian* Foxe,
 Meant not to trie *Bellonaes* bloody knocks,
 Nor to decide with dinte of trenchaunt blade,
 The titles right, which *Spaines* grand Monarch made
 Vnto these Lands, o're which as *Charles* heire
 Neere *Nauncy* slaine he claimes to domineere.
 For though some numbers of the *Spanish* hoast;
 Had past the Riuer from the farther coast
 T'infest our men with inroades and Alarmes,
 Resolued still t'affroant all hostile harmes;

Scotland

 Marques
Spinola.

 Read the
 history of the
 Netherlands
 pag. 119.

Yet

Yet still the Marques with his standing Campe
 Neere vnto Zantium did himsele incamp,
 Whose Parties oft with our forragiers meete,
 Which sometimes beaten were, and sometimes beate.
 Amongst the rest *Grane Henricke* passing Greetes
 With *Brunswicks* Duke, and his own Guidon meets
 With foure braue * Cornets of *Albertus* side,
 Whom our men saw of them being vndescryed.
 For that same morne the wind blowing South and west,
 Sent forth a vaprous fogge, and friendlie mist
 From th' Aeolian closets, which obscurd the skie
 So that things neere you could not well descry:
 Which either vnseene to the vision were,
 Or elst their shapes selfe bigger did appeare,
 The vapour darkening that transparent light
 Whereby the Species conuoyed is to fight.
 Besides the couert of a rising ground
 Did so the prospect of these Troupers bounde,
 That till the Prince was from their danger free,
 They did not once his glistring Cornet see.
 Which had they seene, not all that Hollands store
 Growne rich with Perues wealth and Indiaes oare,
 Not Ginees gold, nor all those precious graines
 Which Orenoque laues from Guanaes vaines
 Could haue redeemed his life, nor set him free
 From certaine death, or sure Captiuitie.
 Their odds was great, yet *Brunswicke* cryes to charge,
 And bids our Pistols and Carbins dischardge
 Their murthering shot against the * Reisters frount
 Which foure to one our numbers did surmount.
 But the *Nassanian Grane* aduising flight
 To be far safer then vnequall fight,
 Strait giues the checke to * *Halberstats* desire
 And makes his armed Curaciers retire:
 Since no dishonour tis our backs to show
 Where opposition needes must ouerthrow.
 But in this space some * Conuoyers of our side,
 V Who stragling neere the Counts ingagement spied,

The colours
which horse-
men beare,

Dutch horse
men.

The Duke of
Brunswicke is
also Bishop of
Halberstat.

Those who
conducted the
Conuoy.

Ran pricking on the spurre, and voic'd it out
 In the *Mauritian* quarters roundabout.
 That either he and *Brunswicke* both were slaine,
 Or else that both were prisoners made to Spaine.
 This rumour posting swifter then the winde,
 VVith winged speede doth pierce the Princes minde,
 VVho like some Paphian consecrated Doue,
 VVhich mournes the losse or absence of her loue,
 Suspecting this report, lamenting shares
 His brothers chaunce with griefe and feeling cares:
 VVith whom each Chiefe, each Souldier doth partake
 And their selfe-griefes the Generals do make,
 As when some dang'rous Rheume begotten Ache,
 The royall seate of reason doth attach
 That part being troubled, where the life doth rest
 The members all inferiour are oppress.
 His steeled * Legions weepe, his * Squadrons mourne
 Their hearts, though danger prooffe, for griefe do yearne,
 VVhom neither feares nor terrours could surprise
 The dreadfull bugs of staggering cowardise,
 These loose their mirth, and that soule gladding light
 VVhose cheerefull rayes do clarifie the sprite:
 But yet not so they giue the raines to griefe,
 That in this while their labour slackes releefe;
 For forth they send their Curriers all in poast,
 To search the Champions Rhine diuided coast
 Mounted vpon their well breathd Courfers backs
 VVhose Pegasean swiftnesse scorneth trackes.
 Those Cornets braue, whose garrisons did lie
 Next to the frontiers of their Enemie,
 And therefore best acquainted with their fights,
 VVith all their * stratagems, and martiall fleights,
 Are forthwith orderd to repasse the Rhine,
 And towards the rescue to dismarch in time
 Their bands of Ordinance, whose high prooffe frounts,
 Safeguard the persons of *Nassaians* Counts,
 Commaunded are as seconds to the horse
 VVith their best powers their power to reinforce,

A Legion is
 here taken for
 a Regiment: a
 Squadron is a
 third part of a
 companie.

Stratagem is a
 feate of warre.

But

But if ingagd to farre, then to retire
 And like the * Parthians backwards to giue fire.
 But marke th' euent : he skowring o're the waste
 Of that large Champion with preuenting haste
 Meetes with those bands, which to the Rescue came
 Vpon the summons of his dangers fame
 Close vnto Greetes, where all arriuing safe,
 Like some wracke scpaing mariners they laugh
 At the remembrance of the danger past
 Which not fore stald, was like to proue their last.
 But although fortune fauour'd his retraite,
 And saud the Counte, in that angustious strait:
 Making this action happy by th' euent,
 Yet no man can approue the president,
 It being against the maximes of all warre,
 For those who chiefetaines in commaunding are,
 Without some waighty cause their liues t' expose
 Vnto t'hazard of th' incountring foes.
 For thus enuiron'd with a Punicke traine,
Marcellus Romes great Generall was flaine,
 VWho retchles went that hillocke to suruaye,
 VWhere ambushed the Carthaginian lay.
 Thus *Bucquoie* famous for our vnions foile,
 For *Pragues* rich conquest, and *Bohemias* spolie,
 After the chance of sundrie battels past,
 By *Gabors* troupes was vanquished at last,
 By those *Cossackes* which warrelike Poland breeds
 And t' *Hussars* fierce still mounted on their steedes,
 VWhere he being pistoll'd by the barb'rous foe
 Resignd the trophies of *Pragues* ouerthrow.
 But though the purling dewe, the vapi'ous Aire
 Did our ambiguous hopes refresh, repaire,
 And *Henricke* saue : yet the malignant fire
 Strait blighs this fruite of satisfied desire. (quills
 VWhose flames being kindled through th' Aires secret
 His lodgings seazeth, and with terrour fills
 The quarters next where *Ogles* *Coborts* lay,
 Making the night looke like another day.

The Parthians
 when they re-
 tired did vse to
 shoote back-
 wards, See
Plut. in vita
Antonis.

Reade *Louis*
lib. 27. about
 the midst.

See the Impe-
 riall historie
 pag. 806.

The spoyle was great, for when the raging flame
 Vnto those Inner Roomes with's furie came,
 Precious nor priceles things were left vnspard
 But both alike the common danger shard.
 His Turkie Carpets of vnualued price,
 Made of the Median silkwormes finest fleece,
 His Arras cloaths wrought by the Belgicke Dame
 The portraitures of true reported fame,
 Where storied out you might suruay at large
 D'Aluaes intrenchment and the Reisters chardge,
 Romeroes onslate, and the foule retreat
 Made by these Almaines after their defeate.
 Graue *Williams* life saud by a watchfull Curre
 Th' Alarum taking from the Spaniards sturre,
 Whoby that Wallouns hand was after slaine
 Whom Rome had made an Assassine for Spaine.
 On th'other side characterd you might see
 In liuelie formes of wrought Imagerie,
 Counte *Egmonds* death, and Hornes vnworthy fate
 Ostends long siege and Flaunders bloody slate,
 The *Barneuelte* false *Arminian* plot,
 Fast bound with Castiles subtle Gordian knot.
 These mooueables with all his curious plate
 Fitting the greatnesse of rich *Nassawes* state,
 VWhereint Hollandish Ganimed did skinke
 That Rhenish *Nectar* which the Gods might drinke:
 All these were spoyle by that consuming fire
 VWhich on the Prince powrd forth his wreakfull Ire;
 Nor so this burning Element doth rest
 But spreddes it selfe, and farther doth infest
 The stables, where his warrelike horses stood
 Of Europes race, and Africks choicest broode.
 The nimble Gennets comming from the maine
 Of rich *Granado*, and the southerne Spaine,
 From * *Betis* banks, and from that fertill shoare
 Where Siuill doth vnlade that Idold oare,
 Which from her wealthy mines rich India sends
 To Asiaes bounds, and Europes farthest ends.

See the Lowe
 Country histo-
 ry pag 456.

Pag 863.

Pag. 457. of
 the same
 historie.

Alias Guadal-
quivir a great
 Riuer in
 South Spaine.

His Turkie steeds bredde neere the slimie flowes
 Of *Strimon*, which the rugged *Thracian* plowes,
 Neere *Hemus* mounte, and those high crested hills
 Whose melting dewe *Peneius* channell fills;
 Those stately coursers which *Barbaria* yeelds
 From *Fezzes* pastures, and *Marocchoes* fields,
 From parcht *Numidia*, and *Zanhagae* bed
 Which South from *Atlas* shoves his rising heade
 Were burned quite, or halfe dead, halfe alive,
 Twixt life and death did in this conflict strive
 Till life being vanquisht by all conqu'ring death,
 They lost at once their torments and their breath,
 Nor in this time the Spanish fire doth rest,
 But malice fuell'd strives for interest
 In *Iuliers*, *Cleaveland* and the *Flemish* coast
 Flaming reuenge with their most powerfull host:
 For these designes great *Spinola* doth lie
 In *Cleuiaes* fields, and keepes a still-fixt eye
 Vpon our Legions, which began to breake
 Their Summer station, with the pest-grown weake
 And westward fell vnto that higher land
 Which lystwixt *Eltam* and *Rhines* checkerd strandes,
 Twixt *Embricke*, and that *Sconce* which *Skenke* did frame
 That so he might the doubtfull *Cleuener* tame,
 In *Geldriaes* farthest confines, where the *Waal*
 From *Rhines* current to *Mases* streame doth fall.
 Another armie by stout *Borges* ledde
 For's seruice great and linage honoured,
 By which he claymes an equall ranke with them
 Who shew *Mendozaes* or *Toledoes* stemme,
 And *Grandoed* are for their *Donnized* birth
 Liuing like gods vpon the Spanish earth,
Beleaguers *Sluce*, and doth inuade *CaZante*
 Which *Tperle* seuers from the Continent;
 Where opposite to *Zealand's* watrie land
 And *Flashings* seate this fortresse strong doth stand:
 Famous for that far famed nauall fight
 Which our third *Edward* made in *Sluces* fight,

A great
Riuer in *Bar-*
barie.

Two of the
greatest fami-
lies in *Spaine*.

When

When *Phillip* sent his sea Commaunding fleet
 With our well rigged *Argozies* to meete.
 Who grapling with our force their force withstood,
 And bath'd their prowes in French and Flemish blood
 Which issuing from the wounds of thousands slaine,
 With's colour did th' *Yperlian* current staine.
 This towne a Cocke pitt was for *Mars* his game
 Both parties striving to possesse the same
 VVith bloody successe of continuall warre,
 VVhere those that conquer'd were, now conquerours are.
 For when these States themselves did first vnite
 To resist *Philips* force and *D'Aluaes* spite,
 And sought th' oppressed Netherlands to free
 From the hard yoke of Castiles tirannie,
 Ere *Anions* Duke rich Antwerpe did Inuade,
 Or stroue himsef Lord *Paramont* to make
 Of wealthy Brabant, Isendike and Sluce,
 Subiected were vnto the Vnions vse.
 And so remaind till *Parmaes* duke possesst
 VVith generall power, his warrelike troupes addrest
 Vnto the conquest of this towne and Ile,
 Which * *Williams* kept and famous *Baskerville*,
 Who for a season brauely did maintaine
 This place besiegd, against the strength of Spaine,
 Till by surrender they the same did yeeld
 To the Castilians masters o're the fielde.
 They kept this same vntill *Serrano* lost
 It to th' *Orangians*, whose laborious cost
 Regaind the towne, whilst that besiegd Ostend,
 For thrice twelue months her bulwarks did defend.
 By which aduantage that commanding fort,
 Which so much did all Zealands good import,
 Recouer'd was, which now with might and maine
Inigo strives for *Isabel* to gaine.
 For this proiect he drawes with speeding poste
 From Antwerpe, Gaunte, from Bruges and Alost,
 From all those neighbour garrisons which bide
 In fruitfull Flaunders, and in Brabants side.

Sir Roger
Williams and
 Sir Thomas
Baskerville,
 Reade the
 Netherlands
 historie
 pag 966.

Pag. 1616.

An Armie strong, which reck'ned by the List
 Of thirteene thousand Souldiers did consist.
 These vnder their *Burgonian* Ensignes marcht
 Vnto the Leaguer, neere to Augusts last;
 Where being come, like vndermining Moales, (holes,
 Which make their way through the earths anfractuons
 They draw their rowling Trenches tow'rd the mouth
 Of the Towne Harbour, which from West to South
 Giues a free passage to the Cities Key,
 For Ships of burthen from the German Sea.
 These with * Meanders winding being cast,
 And brought within fit distance at the last;
 They raise their Platformes, * Cavaliers and Mounts,
 Whose height the Bulwarks breast by farre surmounts,
 Then plant their Cannon, whose *Promethean* fire,
 Vpon the * Rampier powres his thundring Ire,
 Which with vncessant peales they still doe plie,
 That so our men might not re-fortifie
 The broken breaches, through whose ruin'd vault
 They thought with ease the Bulwarke to assault.
 Heere Bullets glancing from the batter'd wall,
 Amongst a Squadron of Defendants fall,
 Whose mangled limbes, like men-shapt Meteors flie
 Through th'horrid paths of the smoake-darkened skie.
 Some other mounting o're the Souldiers head,
 Meets with two Louers sporting in their bed,
 Whose soules are hastned to th'*Elisian* shade,
 Through that swift passage which the bullet made.
 Here fiery balls from murdering * Bombards shot,
 And to their highest leuell being got,
 Make the *Lonanian* Students thinke from farre,
 That *Phaeton* is new mounted in his Carre.
 Nor doth our side their Shot and Powder spare,
 But with thicke vollies beats the trembling ayre,
 Which lighting on the *Iberians* workes much harme,
 And with their blood the colder earth doth warme.
 The Townes chiefe command *Vander Noet* did wield,
 His honour'd sonne, whom *Newport* once beheld,

Crooked
turnes.

A high worke
of earth vpon
which they
plant Ordi-
nance.
A wall made
of earth.

Great pieces of
Ordinance.

Great baskets
of earth.

The North-
east wind.

A Gentleman
of a Company,
who is to lye
vpon his dutie.

To guard the *Orangian* Standart in that fight,
When warlike *Maurice* conquer'd *Alberts* might.
He like himselfe, and like his Fathers sonne,
Leaues nothing vnattempted, nought vndone
By which he might th'ingaged place maintaine
Gainst all th'attempts of right-pretending *Spaine*.
To farther this, the Pioners are bid
To raise new Platformes with the swiftest speed,
Our * Gabions planted are, behind whose bulke
The smoaking Gunners with their Linstockes lurke:
Our Ordinance new mounted is to batter,
VWhich *Babels* walls, or *Ecbatanes* would shatter.
The Companies are quartred in the Towne,
Or else without vpon the Sandie Downe,
Whose valour doth their Mettall stiffe oppose,
To th'vtmost perill of the brauing Foes.
But although our side iealous of the good
And publike safetie, to their tackling stood
With matchlesse valour; yet *Inigoes* force
Their courage, skill, and labour did inforce,
To purchase that *Tperlian* peerelesse Gemme
Raught by the States from *Flaunders* Diadem;
Although that * winde, which from *Tartaria* blowes,
From *Rugeland*, and *Moscouiaes* plashy flowes
Congealed had the *Tperle*, and the *Liene*,
And made their liquid armes and branches stiffe;
Yet still the Spaniards heated with the fire
Of Honour and Reuenge, did still aspire:
So that the Winters stormes, nor Natures threats,
Whose violence their hardie Legions beats,
Could once diuert their valour prest to die,
Or Spaniolize this Towne by victorie.
Sometimes a * *Perdiu* lodg'd vpon the face
Of Frost-bound *Tellus*, in that very place
VWhere hee was set, is by the Sergeant found
Frozen to death, and fastned to the ground.
Sometimes a Sentic to his Posture standing,
And from the Rounders *Quinala* demanding,

E're

Ere the last Round *Colossus*-like doth stand,
 With's ashie Pike congealed to his hand:
 Yet these disgusts of Nature ioyn'd with those,
 Which reuenge bandied from their Slusian foes,
 Could not enforce *Inigoes* Troupes to rise,
 Proiecting still to gaine Sluce by surprise.
 But when the Sunne with his All-cheerefull beames,
 Had thawed the pauement of the Flemish streames,
 And that his *Phlegon* swich'd by speeding time
 Began t'approch that Heauen-diuiding line,
 Whose Zenith perpendicular doth stand
 ouer the Sun-burnt *Aethiopian* land.
 Eighteene braue Cohorts were from Zealand sent,
 With danger-daring Resolution bent,
 To cut the Dike, and that lowe Champion drench,
 VWhereon th' *Iberians* did themselues intrench.
 Then might you see that massie bounding frame
 (VWhose Rampier did the Rivers fury tame)
 Pierst through and through, and giue a free accesse
 Vnto the Floods, which made their swift addresse
 To this enlarged rupture: then the Moales
 Abandon'd quite their hollow vaulted holes;
 Conies their Burrowes, Hares their Formes forsooke,
 And their swift legges new postures vnderooke,
 Swimming along with men-denouring Sharkes,
 With Musicke-louing Dolphins, scaly Carpes,
 With bearded Barbels, and that ruddy Fish,
 Whose Chines are seru'd vp for a daintie dish
 Vnto the Burgers, when their drunken* Kirmish
 Inuites their braines with *Rhenish* wine to skirmish. Is a Faire, or
Recull.
 This Deluge made the *Borgian* Bands retyre,
 Crost in the proiect of their proud desire;
 Because they say'd both of *Cazaunt* and *Sluce*,
 Which they so long'd to gaine for *Philips* vlc.
 But although *Borges* braue Designe was crost
 By wauering Fortune, and his honour lost,
 Together with his Armies, pierst the heart
 Of *Isabella* with repining smart.

Yet *Vanderbercke*, who *Gulicke* did besiege
 With's Legions rais'd from *Naples*, *Spaine*, and *Liege*,
 Brought comfort to the Court, whose furrowed face
 Lookt frowning sad for *Sluces* late disgrace.

Hee, whilst that *Maurice* with his feeble Troupes
 Incamp'd at *Dornicke*, and his Army droupes,
 Being prest with sickness, marcht vnto the Towne,
 And there entrencht vpon the bordring ground.

Chiefe Go-
 vernour.

Petban commanded for the *Belgicke* Peeres
 As *Archprefect, who for some fore-past yeares,
 The Cities Helme, and Dutchies both had steer'd
 For's loyall care, for's gouernment vnfeard,
 But now suspicion mounted on the wing
 Of iust pretence, bred iualousies within
 Amongst our Captaines, whose well trained Bands
 VVere subiect to *Pitban*s austere commands.
 Hence sprung this cause, the wealthy *Iuliers* Boore
 Had hoorded vp in his well furnisht store
 Larger prouisions, which might well supply
 The pinching wants of our necessitie:

Roar, a great
 Riuer in the
 Dutchie of
Iuliers.

Whose foreseene pressure did begin to threat
 A Saguntine penuriousnesse of meat,
 The tainted store prouisions being sold,
 By State-Commission, which the Towne controld.
 Besides those Pastures where the * *Roar* fills
 His slimie channell from the purling hills,
 Did swarme with Heards of that large *German* breed,
 Whose vse might full releue the Cities need.

For this respect the *Gulikans* aduise
 Wauering *Pitban* prouisions to surprise
 From out the Champion, ere th'approaching foes
 Should stop the passage, and th'Aduenues close.
 Good was the Counsell, but like verball winde,
 It tooke no root within th'vnsetled minde
 Of *Gulikes* Gouernour, whose wanting care
 From all defence our warlike Troupes doth bare.
 For what out-daring death, selfe-lauish Sprite
 Can striue with hunger, or with famine fight?

Then.

Then thus suppose you see surrounded round
 Faire *Gulicks* walls, and that their Trenches bound
 Close to the * *Rauelin*, and those vtter workes,
 Behind whose masse the stout Defendant lurkes.
 Suppose you heare the dreadfull Cannon play
 From their high-crested Platformes, and display
 Strange characters of Death, whose sad aspect
 Might terrour on Deaths second selfe reflect
 Lifes lauishnesse, whose Adamantine heart
 Meane terrours doe not mooue, nor cause to smart.
 Close to these brazen Trunks, the worlds last wonder,
 True counterfeits of *Iones* amazing thunder,
 Deaths prologue acts his part, the Musket sounds
 Lowd summons vnto death, to blood and wounds.
 Nor is this all wee suffer, famine raignes,
 Cleannesse of teeth in euery street complains;
 Things horrid are deuour'd, Dogs, Mice, and Rats,
 Lowd croaking Toadpoles, hunger-starued Cats:
 The *Flemish* Courser, and the *Frison* Steed,
 High pamperd for the Saddle now must feed
 The Riders Colon, whose vnsatiate maw
 Both against Reason, Nature, Customes Law,
 Feeds on that flesh, whose liuing backe did beare
 Himselfe through horrors mouth, through dangers feare.
 Those high-fed palats, which not long since far'd
 On *Friselands* fattest Fowle, *Westphalians* Lard,
Zealandish Salmon, and the wilde Boares haunch,
 VVith which the richer Dutch doth cram his paunch
 On solemne Feast-dayes; these for want of meat,
 Things vilifide and dunghil'd now must eat.
 To redresse this our men their Spirits rally,
 And resolute appoint a valiant sally,
 By whose aduenture they might either die,
 Or manumize themselves from penurie:
 Since better 'tis for Valour once to bleed,
 Then still to feele affliction vnder need.
 In this conflict * young *Haydon* doth appeare
 More then himselfe, out-facing Fate and Feare,

An vtter work
 commonly rai-
 sed beyond all
 other Fortifi-
 cations.

Captaine *John*
Haydn.

And with his Pistoll arm'd, dischargeth sure
 With euery shot a certaine Sepulture
 To some blacke-visag'd Spaniard, who doth fall
 Neuer to rise, before the last dayes call.
 Amongst the rest, one of the proudest foes,
 As Challenger himselfe in Combate shewes,
 Aduanc'd before the rest, and there defies
Goliath-like his brauer Enemies.
 This Spur-gall'd *Haydon*, who accepts the fight,
 And though vnarm'd, yet kills him in the fight
 Of both Battalions, then recharg'd falls backe,
 To answer him too with his Pistols cracke.
 But the Retreat now sounded, parts the fray,
 And our men disappoynted, cut their way
 With their well tempred Fauchins, to that gate
 From whence they made excursions but of late.
 This Salley past, wherein with doubtfull chance
Bellona shew'd her grimme fac'd countenance,
 And all reliefe * portculliz'd from the Towne,
 By *Vanderbercks* Intrenchments, who sits downe
 Resolu'd to winne and weare, then courage droopes,
 And mourning valour vnto famine stoopes,
 Whose Bilboe-steeled poynt was farre more keene,
 Then *Spaniards* wrath, or *Vanderbercks* fierce spleene.
 These motiues vrg'd a parle, both condescend
 To this condition, and Committees send
 As Delegates in trust, whose sound aduice
 The present difference might full compremise.
 Both parties being agreed, Count *Henric* takes
 Reconquerd *Gulicke*, which *Pitban* forsakes,
 Who now dismarching through the *Coleine* port,
 Surrenders vp this hunger-conquerd Port,
 To reaffront this losse, when first the Spring,
 To Winter-tyred mortalls ioy doth bring:
 When May first opens those selfe-named Flowers,
 Which Aprill blossomes with his pearled showers:
Nassauian * *Henricke* with selected Bands
 Of Horse and Foot, in fruitfull *Brabant* lands

Debard, or
 shut vp.

Henry of
 Nassau.

Neere

Neere to *Breda*, from whence his dreadfull Armes
Transported worke strange characters of harmes
In little *Brabant*; Famine, Sword, and Fire
Glutting Reuenge fresh boyling with desire.
Some fittie Dorpes were in a moment burn'd,
And their faire-fronted Edifices turn'd,
By the consumption of the raging flame
To that first Chaos, from whence first they came.
In midst of these Combustions *Henry* falls
Before well fenced, well mann'd *Herentals*,
Where seeking by *Petarre* to force the place,
Our wanting **Van* shew'd not that wonted face
Of ancient resolution, whose default
Debars the rest from **Herentals* assault.
Yet after this repulse, our Foot surprisfe,
Partly by force, partly by Compromise,
Two **Sconces* from the foes, whose trembling hands
Make good the Ports for *Nassaus* sure commands.
Besides our Horse a **Caualgado* make
Close vnto *Brussels*, whose burnt Suburbs take
Impressions of our wrath; th' Archduchess sees
The frowning face of these sad miseries,
Yet cannot seee redresse them: for mans will
Projected resolutions cannot fill,
Without iust meanes of power, which Heauen sends
As Instruments t'accomplish humane ends.
Thus this incursion past, our men retire
Thorough the smoaking flames of *Brabants* fire
Vnto *Breda*, rewarded for their paines
With honours Crowne, and conquerd Spanish gaines.
Nor thus alone the Land with slaughter bleeds,
But vnto *Neptunes* Maine *Bellona* speeds
With Engines of destruction, where shee stains
With streames of blood the Sea-gods watry plaines.
Those vast Armadaes, which commanded lay
Neere to *Baioun*, and *Saint Sebastians* Bay,

The Van-
guard.

A Towne in
little *Brabant*.

Little Forts
much vsed by
the Dutch.
An Incursion
of Horse,

Their

Their Galecons houering neere to *Lisbones* walls,
 Where *Tagus* into *Thetis* bosome falls;
 Their nimble Gallies slicing with their Oares
 Those billowing waues, which beat on *Affricke* shores,
 Sometimes on th'Oceans Maine incountring meet
 With *Amsterdams*, or *Flushings* warlike Fleet,
 Which homewards bound from *Venice*, or *Ligorne*,
 From *Scanderoun*, or *Egypt* rich in Corne,
 Doe proudly plow the *Mediterran* Maine,
 Swelling with profit, and full fraught with gaine.
 Sometimes againe *Moy Lambert*, or *L'Hermite*,
Willeks, or fierce *Hugen* this losse requite;
 Who trauesing those Seas, whose rougher Tide
 From *Magellanus* Streights doth Northwest glide,
 Neere to th'*Honduras* Gulfe, *Domingoes* Ile,
 Or the *Terceraes*, famous for the foyle
 Of valiant *Strossy*, meet some Spanish Hulke,
 Or some swift *Caruell*, whose full fraughted bulke
 Is loaden with that rich * *Potosian* Oare,
 Which *Lima* sends from *Perues* wealthy shoare.
 Sometimes againe neere the *Balsoran* Sound,
 Or *Teneriffaes* pike, where Amber's found
 Of th'highest price, some of their armed Ships
 Incounter with some Carracke, whose strong ribs
 Are ballast with those drugs, which *Chinaes* plaines
 Send from their fruitfull *Aromatique* vaines;
 Or with those Spices, which for barter'd Gold
 Are by the * *Iauans*, and *Meluccoes* sold.
 Amongst the rest great *Angolaes* Viceroy
 For *Andaluza* bound, with smiling ioy
 Th'*Atlantique* Ocean cuts, and proudly sailes
 Thorough the Maine, till some *Dutch* Sea-man hailes,
 And bids him strike: then as th'*Hircanian* beast,
 Whom the pursuing Hunter doth inuest
 With's knottie Toyles, first seekes to scape the danger;
 But that being vaine, he turnes his feare to anger,

At *Potosi* in
Peru are most
 rich Mines of
 Gold.

The Inhabi-
 tants of *Iaua*,
 and the *Mo-
 luccoes*.
 A place in *A-
 fricke*, subiect
 to the *Portu-
 gals*.

And

And fiercely cooping with th'incounting foe,
 Doth th'vtmost deuoir of his courage show.
 The *Portugueze* vnequall to sustaine
 The *Flushingers* incounter, plies amaine
 Both Helme and Yard, and forwards led by feare
 Swifter then any wind, doth nimbly steere
 Ouer the ridge of those high-breaking waues,
 Whose beating surge *Tercmaes* foreland lanes.
 But this being labour lost, he turnes his head
 Vnto the combate with a side-wind sped:
 Then their Canoniers with the * Carteridge ply
 Their great and lesser siz'd Artillery,
 Larboord and Starboord readie for the charge,
 Their Langrell, and their Crosse-barre shot discharge:
 The Muskettiers standing vpon a Range,
 Behind the Wast-cloaths doe their bullets change,
Granado balls, from th'hand, or Bombard sent,
 With vaprous smoake obscure the Firmament:
 So that suruaying water, land, or ayre,
 Death, dread, and danger swarmed eu'ry where.
 The Sea-nimphs were afraid, and *Neptune* hid
 His forked Mase with feare astonished.
 The trembling Mermayds did for horroure quake,
 As when th'inclosed winds the waters shake,
 Thinking *Prometheus* hauing broke those bands,
 Which manacled his Vultur-griped hands,
 And manumiz'd from his tormenting paine,
 Did imitate *Ioues* Thunderbolts againe.
 But when that both sides to their close fights came,
 And tryed the last chance of this martiall Game,
 From out the Scuttle-holes spouted streames of blood,
 Which clotted on the curled Ocean stood,
 The Murderers from out their higher Tires,
 Discharged dreadfull flakes of sulphurous fires,
 Whose strong emissiue power with Tarlin kill'd
 Whole hundreds, and with slaughtred carnage fill'd

F

Their

An Engine
 which Guners
 vse to charge
 Ordinance.
 Great shot v-
 sed at Sea,

Their vpper Decks, which straight blowne vp did flye
 Through the vast extent of th'inameld skie.
 But at the length the *Portugalls* pursued
 With danger of all hands, for Quarter sued
 Vnto the *Dutch*, who from the farthest South
 Th'*Angolians* brought to * *Scheldis* watrie mouth,
 Inriched for their hazard with that Gold,
 Which heaped lay within that Galecouns hold.

The Riuer of
Flushing.



BELGIAES TROVBLES, AND TRIVMPHS.

The Second Booke.

WHEREIN ARE RELA-
ted all the most famous Occurrences
which haue happened in the Nether-
lands, from the *Ascension* of our
Sauour, 1622. vnto this pre-
sent time, 1625.



LONDON,
Printed by *Augustine Matthewes,*
and *Iohn Norton.* 1625.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
NOVRABLE, EDVVARD, LORD
CONVVAY, Baron of Raggely, and
one of his Maiesties principall Se-
cretaries of State,

And Sir HORACE VEARE, Col. Gene-
rall of the *English in the Netherlands*,
WILLIAM CROSSE wisheth that,
happinesse which they them-
selues desire.

Right Honourable, your knowne loues
to the *United Provinces of the Nether-*
lands, and their Cause, sealed by your
Honours with the free expence of your
dearest blood, and the frequent hazard
of your lines, haue besides those other
motiues of your knowledge, iudgement, and experience
in Subjects of this nature, inuited mee to this Dedic-
tion. The first Part of Belgiacs Troubles and Tri-
umphs, belongs to the Earle of Essex, and my Lord
Montioy; the second part is consecrated to your Hono-
red selues: Both these are rather a Discourse, then a
Poeme, as truely and Historically relating the most re-
markable and time-neerer Exploits, which haue passed
betweene the Dutch and the Spaniards, in these last
four yeeres Warres of the Netherlands. In this List,

the Siege of Bergen, and that of Breda, the Battels of Flewry and Statloo, with the taking of Saint Saluador in Brasilia, challenge about the rest the chiefeſt place and prerogative. The reſt are minor geſts, and deeds of leſſe conſequence, yet worthy for their worths to bee kept in the cloſet of Remembrance. In all theſe as in a representing Glaſſe, you may ſee the mercie of God extended from time to time to this Eſtate, firſt erected from the Inforcements of the Spaniſh tyrannie, ſince ſupported by the Auxiliary meanes of the Engliſh, French, and Scots, and maintained at this preſent in that greatneſſe, which the world ſees and admires, by Policie, Power, and Religion. If publike cenſure bee as impartiall as is the Poeme, the Authour ſhall thinke his endeouours fortunate: As for your Noble ſelues, he doth preſume vpon the candour and integritie of your Eſtimations, vndoubtedly knowing, that you accept a mite as reſpectiuely as a talent, and eſteeme the freedom of the Giuer, more then the value of the gift. Vpon this aſſurance hee doth reſt, and ſo doth for ever reſt

Your Honours moſt
deuoted Seruant,

William Croſſe.



BELGIA'S TROVBLES . AND TRIUMPHS.

The second Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN this second part continued from the *Ascension* of our *Saviour*, anno 1622, unto this present time, anno 1624, are contained a Description of our first *Leaguer* at *Rees*, with the killing of an *Italian* Captaine by *Beaumont* a *Frenchman* hand to hand. His Excellencies ascent to *Gravenweert*, and a Relation of a *Camisado* given by foureteene Troupes of the enemies Horse upon our quarters. Our march to the *Busse*, and our retreat from thence. The siege of *Bergen*, and that famous Battell fought neere *Fleury*, betwene *Count Maunfield*, and *Donaluo de Corduba*. The conspiracie of *Barneveldts* in *sonnes*, and other *Arminians* against the *Prince of Orange*. The Battell of *Statloo*, fought betwene *Tilley* and *Brui swicke*. The taking of *S. Salu. dour*. The Siege of *Breda*, with the surprisall of *Coffe* by *Charles Lambert*.

After our *Ticup* had breath'd, and that the date
Of that same *Feast*, which *Mortals* consecrate
To *Christs Ascension*, had proclaim'd the *Field*
To our *Belgicke* Troups, with strength and courage steeld,
*Potents were sent forth, full sixe thousand poast,
Upon their *Summons* from that nether coast,
Of fertill *Holland*, to that higher land,
Where *Rees* ore-lookes the billowing *Rhenus* Strand.

Orders of
Command.

There

There safe arising, with the delving Spade:
 New horned Workes, Intrenchments new were made;
 Behind whose breast they might themselves defend
 From *Vanderbercke*, whose *Argian* eyes attend
 Vpon our motions all, on each designe,
 Which he still thwarting, seekes to countermine.
 Amongst the rest, with some *Italian* Horse,
 He seekes to gaine the * Turnepike, and to force
 Our Horse-guard led by *Beaumont*, who doth frount.
 The dreadfull shocke of this *Italian* brunt.
 Him their *Ligurian* Leader hauing spied
 By's waning Plume, and Armour rich descried:
 Come on, come on, quoth hee, let vs two trie
 The doubtfull fortune of this *Victorie*;
 Those Armes, that Plume shall be the Conquerors spoyle,
 And honour'd marks of vanquisht *Beaumonts* foyle.
 With this his spur'd *Calabrian* Courser flies
 Swifter then winde, and curuetting doth rise
 Beyond the bristled * Haspels, where they ioyne
 Force vnto force this *Combat* to define.
 Not *Almaine*-like they wheel about at large,
 But *Poldron* vnto *Poldron*, make the charge
 With their death-belching *Pistols*, both which strike
 With equall force, but fortune much vnlike.
 For *Beaumont* slightly's wounded in the thigh,
 T'other is flaine, and falls downe presently,
 Whose carkeise after many mortall blowes
 Recouer'd is, recarried by the foes
 Vnto the Campe, where they this chance lament,
 Seal'd with the losse of one so eminent;
 As alyed to the *Marquesse*, and for's Spirit,
 Not dignified so much by Blood, as Merit.
 After some month in this first Station spent,
 Eight thousand more were by Prince *Maurice* sent
 Towards *Skenkes-Sconce*; who doubling *Arnhams* walls,
 Arrives at * *Grauenmeert*, and from thence falls
 Ouer the *Wahal* to those Southerne bankes,
 Which *Skenks-Sconce* with his thundering Cannon flanks.
 There

A Turnepike
 is a gate which
 giues entrance
 into the Camp

Haspels are
 Engines made
 to throw down
 before the
 Turnepike,
 which point e-
 uery way with
 pikes about an
 ell long.

This Italian
 was *Spinolaes*
 kinsman.

Otherwise,
Skenkes Sconce

There being come, their Pioneers do raise
 Strong * Redoubts on the passage of those wayes,
 Whose winding turnes runne from the Cleuian hill
 To those Intrenchments which our footebands fill.
 Our horse without, and vnintrenched lay
 With watchfull care safeguarding night and day,
 Those small Batauian * Dorps, whose verge extends
 From *Nimegham* to *Geldriaes* Easterne ends.
 This seeming shewd aduantage doth incite
 Proud *Vanderbercke* the *Reezian* foile to quite,
 With some fresh Camisade : for this designe
 Some foureteene troupes passe o're that Apennine
 Where *Clenia* stands, who couered by the night
 And a still march, about the dawning light
 Approach our vtter Sentries, and surprise
 Them and the * Rounders, whose sleepe sealed eyes
 Betray the rest; hence trauesing that way
 Neere vnto which our Scotish horsegard lay,
 These proud Burgonian Reisters forthwith finde
Balfour surpris'd in ods, but not in minde;
 Who thus ingagd receiues the dreadful shocke
 Of these swarte Rutters, rendring knocke for knocke:
 Till at the length dismounted he doth yeeld
 Vnto the stronger, who thence scourd the field
 After his Cornet, which retiring flies
 Couerd with fire, opprest with Enemies,
 And on the station of our Footeguards fell
 Whose Muskettiers these Carbins straight repell.
 For now from eu'ry side th' Alarum takes,
 And each man to the battell Champion makes,
 Where nought was seene vpon the bloody plaine
 But batterd armes, and carkeisses new slaine.
 The losse was like, for our men did surprise
 The * chiefe conductor of this enterprise
 With a Burgonian Captaine; of our side
Balfour was taen, and *Weimars* Duke lyes by't,
 Vntill some better fortune should decree,
 Th' vncertaine scope of his Captiuitie.

G

Little forts
 which the
 Dutch raise
 suddenly for
 their defences.

Villages.

Camisade an
 assaulte in their
 own lodgings.

Those that
 walke the
 Round.

Sir *William*
Balfour that
 day comman-
 ded the horse
 garde.

A Wallone
 who came the
 day before
 into our campe
 being dis-
 guisd.

To

To requite this affront this proud surprise
 Prince *Maurice* with six thousand foote doth rise
 From *Grauenweert*, and floating downe wards fals,
 Without the ratling Drums, or trumpets cals
 Beyond fat *Bommelweert*, where he doth land
 His *Phalangiers*, who passing by commaunde
 Waft o're the *Mosas* Willow bordred banks
 Whose waues do wash well fenced *Huisdens* flanks.
 Marching from thence our vauntecurrors descrye
 * *Sbertokenbussse*, whose maiden ports defie
 All onslats, all attempts, and proudly stands
 Vpon defence with seu'ntene chosen bands
 Of *Vallons*, and *Brabansons* readie prest
 With life, and limme to keepe the feathred nest
 Of these freebooters, who by * *Derrick* led
 Themselues to rapine, murder, pillage wedde,
 And feeding on the contribution *Boore*,
 Grease palmes, and paunch with his consumed store.
 There hauing viewed that well defenced towne,
 We made a stand vpon the bordring downe
 About the time, that glistring *Phabus* laues
 His bright Carroch in *Thetis* westerne waues.
 Then orders were giu'n out, the casd * *Petarres*
 Strange Engins found out in our moderne wars,
 Whose sulphr'ous power the brazen gates would shatter
 Of *Ecbatane*, and that strong portall batter
 Whereas the steepe *Caucasean* mountaines rockes
 Are chaynd as prisners with his Iron lockes :)
 These *Corbett* did commaund, the first aduenture
 Was *Tibals* chardge, who formost was to enter
 With that selected crue, that chosen band
 Which he as *Veares* Lieutenaunt did commaund.
 Thus all things being disposed for the fight
 We rose from thence, and marching all that night
 Past thorough sandy, rough, *Mæander* wayes
 Where error led our small battalion strayes,
 So that we came not to the *Bussian* gate
 Before the dawning light, a time to late

Commonly
 called the
Bussse.

Derrick was
 Captaine of
 two hundred
 free booters
 who lay in
 the *Bussse*.

Petarres En-
 gins made to
 blow vp gates.

The Iron
 gates which
Alexander
 made vpon the
 streights of
 mount *Casca-*
sus.

The strong portcullizd Turnepike to surprise
 V Which * *Grobbendoncke* with's hundred watchfull eyes
 Safeguarded sure, who takes a close Alar'me
 V With all his bands, commaunding all to arme.
 This caus'd vs to retire, and homewards bend
 V With out th' effect of that projected ende,
 V Whose hopes had brought vs to those Champion plaines
 V Which *Mase* enricheth with his flowing vaines,
 The Spoiles of *Brabant*, and the conquer'd *Busse*
 Being the proiect of each wanting purse.
 In this retraite our troupes were hunger prest
 Tired with trauaile, and with thirst opprest:
 So that vntill we toucht vpon the *Mase*
 Towards whose streames our Maniples did pace,
 We far'd like some *Alarbian* hungrie theefe
 Who trauerling the desert for releefe
 Followes the tracke of some knowne Carauan,
 Which to fulfill their Heath'nish *Alcoran*,
 Visits that prophane *Mahometan* shrine
 Plac'd by the Caliphs * neere th' *Arabian* Sine.
 Those stinking pooles, *Cecitus* like aspected
 Which the Marashes vapours had infected,
 Those puddle lakes wherein the water Toade
 The Frogge and Ho: fleech keepe their safe abode,
 Were sought, and searcht out to alay the fire
 Of appetite fresh burning with desire.
 Whose liquour was more pretious to the mouth
 Then all those wines transported from the South
 Which the *Canarian* Ilander doth sup
 On sollemne feasts in's *Nectar* crowned Cup,
 Then that the *Cretan* neere *Cerathus* drinks,
 Or *Bachrach* sends from *Rhenus* sandy brinks.
 Yet after those disgusts surmounted all,
 Which like some storme vpon our troupes did fall,
 And those freebooters all repulsd backe,
 Which followd our *Nassanians* by the tracke;
 We past vnto the * *Grane*, where each man feedes
 In plenties *Magazin*, and all our needes

Grobbendoncke
 was as then
 gouernour of
 the towne.

At *Mecha* in
Arabia.

A towne in
Gelderland
 belonging to
 the states.

The lands of
Affiria and
Hungarie are
very fruitefull.

Nimegham
stands high
vpon the han-
ging of a hill.

Receiud supplies from those fat Geldrian fields;
Whose swarming stoare, Bread, Beeffe and Mutton yeelds
In greater measure, then that Easterne land,
VVhich borders on the roaring Tigris strande,
Or those *Pannonian* pastures, where the grasse
For's sudden growth comparison doth passe.
Thus hauing well refresht our hungry bands
VVe doubled those high crested heathy lands,
VVhich forth extended from the biliowing Mase,
Do ouerlooke the Betowes various face.
From thence our tired legions speeding came
Vnto the ports of * high built *Nimegham*,
There resting one whole night we made descent
Vnto the plaines of that lowe Continent,
VVhere neere to our Intrenchments *Waal* doth slide
From out the Rhines in a meld diaprie side,
VVhose weeping waues seemd to condole with vs,
Because we mist th' vnconquerd maiden Buffle.
But in this space that warrelike *Genouese*
Th' Infantaes Generall scorning pampred ease,
VVith these alarums rowld doth angry fare
Like some Muscouian winter pined Beare,
VVho when the Sun begins to melt the Snow,
VVhich pargetteth that Northerne Climats brow
Forfakes his denne, and roauing runs for praye
VVith all his Cubs their hunger to alay.
To quench this bloodie thirst he sends commands
Through *Flaunders*, *Heinault* and those *VValloon* lands,
VVhose Frontier from the British Ocean bends
To *Limburge*, and *Burgundiaes* westernne ends:
Inioyning all their Garrisons to arme
Vpon the summons of this first Alarme,
And at a day prefixt themselues to show
Neere *Antwerpe* their determin'd Randeuowe.
These Regiments, with those which *Borges* ledde,
Who neere to Sluce were winter-billetted,
Vpon this order to *Sten'n Bergen* past
In warrelike manner neere to *Iulius* last.

That

That towne being wonne, they lingerd not an houre
 But straight-waies marcht with their victorious power
 To *Bergen*, where their men the * *Terriers* play
 Behind that Mount, which opposite then lay
 Vnto the port of *VVowe*, from whence their workes,
 Behind whose couert all their Armie lurkes,
 Extended ran vnto the *Kickepotte* forte,
 Which ouerlookes the Cities Southerne porte.
 Vpon their first approach some Squadrons prest
 Did Sallie forth, and sallying did Inuest
 That hillocke, where the *VauXian* English stode,
 In Castiles cause selfelauish of their blood.
 Harde was the fight, for nation against nation
 English 'gainst English fought with emulation;
 But still the Marques sending fresh supplies,
 With number more then valour wonne the prise
 From the besieged, who with ods surchardg'd
 Retired, and retiring still dischardg'd
 Their murdering Muskets on the Spanish files,
 Which six to one surpast our * *Maniples*.
 After the passage of this first affronte,
 The foes encouragd did their Cannon mount
 Vpon new * platformes rais'd, whose thundring reach
 Hauing inforced an assaultable breach,
 They scald the ruines, and began the fight
 Vaild with the Curtin of a Mooneshine night
 About the second Round: with various chaunce
 In this conflict *Mars* shewed his countenance
 Vnto both parties, for the Martiall foe
 Sometimes was beate; sometimes did ouerthrow:
 Thrice being repulsd, they thrice did reassaile
 And though opprest, their courage ne're did faile:
 For knowing valour to be actions Spirit,
 Which Crownes our proiects with successefull merit,
 They rallied still, till *Phæbus* lift his head
 From pearld *Auroraes* saffron coulered bedde:
 Then being subiect to the pointeblanke ayme
 Of eu'ry markeman, they forsooke the game.

A Terrier is properly any thing that puts it selfe into the earth.

The English of my Lord *Vauxes* regiment.

A Manipule is a diuision of files.

A place to mount Ordnance on.

A Fortification
made in forme
or manner of
a horne.

Sir Michael
Eneret and
Captaine
Loueles.

The darte
which the
Romans
The pike
which the
Macedonians
vfd.

Great ordi-
nance.

Saltpeter.

Vnequall of their parts, and backewards plied
Vnto their Trenches from the bulwarkes side.
The losse was great, twelue hundred Spaniards kild
The bending Circle of our * *Horneworke* fild,
Two hundred of our side did likewise dye
Leauing their fames pawnes to Eternitie:
Amongst the rest *Purfry* my noble friend
In honours bedde seald vp his glorious ende,
The like was * *Eneretts* chance, and *Louelesse* lot,
Both which with poysoned bullets being shot,
When *Aesculapius* skill could not appease,
Nor Surgerie the venoms rancour ease,
Exchaungd their liuing flesh to liuelesse dust
Till heau'n thronizd immortall rise they must.
Inhuman warre thou horseleech of mankinde,
Which pleasure in displeasure stil dost finde,
Whose mansions are deaths hollowe charnelld caues
Large fields of slaughter, where thy furie raues
Vnlimitted, and boundeles in that lust,
Which nought but bloud and murder content must.
Were not the *Roman* * pile, the *Parthian* shaft,
The *Gracian* * *Sarisse*, and *Moriscan* dart,
T'heluetian halberd, and our *British* bill
Potent inough thy greedinesse to fill
With slaughtred bodies? but that *Orgins* new
Must terriblizethemselues to mortals *Viue*,
Which thou hast found out in this latter age,
To Cocker vp thy blood still thirsting rage.
Now must that * *Brazen* fire outbelching trunke
Founde out by that accursed German Munke,
Whole myriads kill, and raise of bodies slaine
Pyramide Mounttaines on the sanguine plaine.
To furnish this deuice, those stinking cels
Wherein the louing *Paphian* Pigeon dwells,
Those Cellars, where our English skenker fils
That ruddie Claret sent from *Gascoines* hils,
Must now be searcht for * *Nitre*: *Swetlands* brasse
Guipuscan Iron, and that heauie masse

Of palefac'd leade, sent from the Northerne * Peake
 Must now with streames from mangled bodies reake,
 Clay must be fetcht from *Padoes* fertill plaines,
Sulphur from *Sicills* fire out belching vaines,
Rozin from *Rugeland*, and that *Borill* coaste,
 Where *Riga* stands, now to the *Swethner* lost:
 To make * those fierie balls, *Granadin* Squibs
 Aspected like crinited Comets glibs,
 Which burning breake, and breaking peccemeale rent
 All thats opposd to this fell instrument.
 But as though all these Engins were but weake
 Thy bloud *Hydropicke* this stines to breake,
 The fatall bullet must impoisoned be,
 To wreake thy malice on mortalitie.
 So that a wounded arme, a skarred thigh,
 A pierced hand shall as for certaine die,
 As if that hollow bloud conducting vaine
 Some mortall hurt or damage did sustaine,
 Or those same cordiall strings, which knit the life
 Were sundred quite by some *Rauilliacks* knife:
 Were not O Rome thy * *Gerrards*, *Lopes*, *Squires*,
 Thy *Assassines*, and fulminations fires,
 Thy poysonie simples fetcht from *Concritan*,
 From *Nubia*, *Tombut*, and from *Terminan*,
 From hot *Cyrene*, and that * *Easterne* coaste,
 Whereon the roaring *Ponticke* seas are tost,
 Sufficient meanes to furnish with supplie
 The yawning gulfe of thy new Purgat'ry?
 But that thy darling, and thy minion Spaine,
 Thy ape of mischiefe, must her honour staine
 Acquired by the fortune of faire Armes,
 And blemish it with poyson-contriud harmes.
 But whilst that my digressive muse thus fals
 To this Inuectiue fit, the Cannon calls
 Her wandring thoughts to *Bergen* whose loude sound
 From eu'rie platforme ecchoing doth rebounde
 With greater noise, then when the * *Scodran* towers
 Were batterd by the Barbrous Turkish powers,

From the
 Peake in *Dar-*
lshire comes
 great store of
 Leade.

These are in-
 gredients with
 which *Grana-*
does and wilde
 fire bals are
 made.

See *Machiael*
 in the addition
 to his booke
 of waire pag.
 45 46.

All these were
 notable traitors

Penlus.

Two most
 furious batte-
 ries, see the
 Turkish histo-
 rie pag 418.
 Or and pag. 584.]

Or When the *Rhodian* bulwarkes were defac'd
 By *Soliman*, and all their glorie rac'd
 Left nothing to the crossed Christian Knight,
 But the sad aspecte of this dismall sight.
 Our ordinance dispos'd by *Gibsons* care,
 Whose merit claimes an honourable share
 In *Bergens* safeguard, did the Spaniards plie
 With frequent Peales of their Artillerie,
 Whose leuell'd shot vnto the foemen sent,
 Did Peecemeale *Gabions*, men and Rampiers rent;
 And whilst their bodies mounted, sent their soules
 To grieously *Plutoes* darke Infernall hoales.
 Some nine dayes after when the Christall gate
 Of that same day, which mortals consecrate
 To mightie *Ioue*, with shadie night was clos'd,
 The *Iberian Cohorts* for the fight dispos'd
 By their Campemasters, to the combat past,
 Fast in their orders, in their marching fast:
 Then hauing got the batter'd Curtins base
 They sought to mount vpon that horneworks face,
 Where* *Hinderfen* with his, and our owne nation
 Aranged stood in point of his owne station.
 The fight was cruell, doubtfull, full of blood,
 Wherein *Bellonaes* Bridegroome wauering stood,
 Vncertaine to which side the palme should flie
 To this of right, or that of Tyrannie.
 For though the Spaniards charg'd, ours still resisted
 And though recharg'd, yet resolute persisted
 In their defence, vntill th' assaulting foe
 His backe vnto th' *Orangian* troupes did show.
 But marke how fortune with her powerfull becke
 As stepdame vnto valour giues the checke;
 For although *Hinderfen* like* *Scana* stood
 Gainst oppositions face, and still made good
 Th' ingaged place, yet one foule random shot
 The conquest from this braue Commaunder got;
 Which banefull pellet rob'd him of his breath,
 Worthy to suruiue eu'n in the spight of death.

Companies
of foote.

Colonell *Hin-*
derson a braue
Scots man

Scana a vali-
ant Roman.

After

After this losse Prince *Maurice* sends reliefe
 From *Grauenweert*, commaunded all in chiefe
 By * *Morgan*, who with winged measures speedes
 Vnto the towne, that now for succour bleedes.
 He waisting o're the diaprie-purled *Waal*,
 From thence vnto swift *Mosaes* streame doth fall,
 And sailing through that narrowe Midland sea
 Whose channell giues access to *Bergens* Kaye
 Arriued at his chardge, and there propos'd
 Great *Nassawes* orders, which being wel dispos'd
 By * *Rihoues* counsell, and by *Famaes* care
 From all aduantage did th' assailants bare.
 He skorning like some Frozen Flemish hulke
 To lye shopt vp within the Rampiers bulke,
 Giues life to action, through the posterns Sallies
 And though repulst againe his squadrons rallies,
 Vntill the vanquisht foes of hope bereft
 The deade halfe Moone vnto our Legions left.
 Then reassaulting they forsooke th' assault,
 Through our mens valour and their owne default;
 For *Morgan* still repells them with thick hailes
 Of Musket shot, with bristled Iron flails,
 With smoaking wildefire balls, and blowne vp mines
 Whose hollow vaults filld full with * *Serpentine*,
 And taking fire by some sulphureous traine
 T'heauens with smoake, the land with bloud doth staine.
 On th' other side the Dutchmen taking heate
 From our examples beames did brauely beate
 The Spanish squadrons, which in successe faild
 As oft as they our horned wo kes assaild.
 The like the Frenchmen did, and that stout nation
 Which in rich *Lukeland* holds their habitation,
 But then being subiect to *Famaes* commands
 Imployed their seruice for the Netherlands.
 In these conflicts braue *Mountioy Morgan, Gibson,*
Rich, Courtney, Conway, Halsewell, Hinderson,
Cooke, Tibals, Pollard, Clarke and Killegree,
Knolles, Bacon, Turney, Kenniethorpe and Carey,

H

Shewed

Sir Charles
Morgan Co-
 lonell of a
 foote regiment
 vnder the
 States.

Rihoue was
 gouernour of
Bergen, and
Fama was
 Colonell of a
 regiment of
Wallons.

An instrument
 made like a
 faile to throw
 ouer the
 Rampier or pa-
 rapet vnto the
 Enemies.
 Pouder that is
 vsd in mines
 or great ordi-
 nance.
 The *Wallons*
 of the Bishop-
 pricke of
Leage.

Sergeant
Maier Blunt.

All the high
Palatinate.

The Palati-
nate.

Of these two
retraites is
mention made
before.
Zenophon.

This relation
I had from Sir
James Ramsey
who was pre-
sent in all this
service.

Shewed matchles valour, and deserue to be
For this the children of Eternitie,
Being all selfe lauish of their dearest bloud
For *Bergens* defence, and our vnions good.
Amongst the list of the *Philippicke* bandes
Blunt of his foes eu'n admired stands
Haples in this, that home-spunne discontents
Made him to follow Spaines ambitious bents.
In this meane time Count *Mansfield* hauing left
The disunited vnion, and bereft
Of all those vpper Countries, where the Rhine
With *Neckars* streame his pearled streames doth ioyn,
And all that fruitfull large-extended tract,
Which borders on the riuer, being sackt
By both their Armies, and the pillagd Boore
Despoiled quite of all his former store;
Which cluster-crowned *Bacchus* did affoord,
Or *Ceres* yeeld from her all plenteous hoord.
The chardge of *Manhein* being giuen to *Veare*,
And *Heidelberge* designd to *Herberts* care,
Frankn'dale to *Burrowes*, and those *Almaine* bandes
Which still stood firme to *Fredericks* commaunds,
His Excellence the *Paltzian* soile forsakes
Infamous for our losses, and betakes
Himselfe to that retraite, which crown'd his name
With the triumphant wreaths of glorious fame.
Vnparralleld for conduct, and th' euent
Except by Conons worthie president:
Or that* *Athenians*, who from *Elams* hils
Retired to those fields, which *Phasis* fils,
When *Ataxerxes* troupes his Armie chast
And for two thousand miles his Legions fac'd,
For although *Tilley* reforc'd with ayd
From all th' Imperiall circles, had forelayd
Those passages, which giue a free accesse
From *Almaine* to the Frontring *Lorrainesse*.
Yet the *Mansfieldians* hauing past the *Sar*
And *Blieses* streames, (whose Christall source from far

Extracted

Extra&ed, for diurnall tribute yeelds
 His glassie purles to *Lotharingiaes* fields: }
 Arriu'd at *Sauerne*, where * the *Palizian* Prince
 Giues the farewell to *Mansfields* Excellence,
 And safe conuoyd through friendly *Galliaes* land
 Imbarks himselfe on the *Calisian* strande.
 There hence our Squadrons marcht into *Lorraine*,
 From whence the *Guifians* claime their *Origen*;
 And passing by that Frountiers Southerne side
 Neere vnto which * *Voloies* current doth glide,
 They doubled *Mortaignes* woods, *Volgesus* Mountaine,
 Fat *Vaignies* vallies, and the *Mosells* fountaine.
 Then leauing that *Franncelouing* townfull soile
 Which *Lotharicke* did with his name enstile,
 They bending Northwards, did their ensignes spreade
 In *Lutzenburge* beyonde swift *Semois* heade
 And came through many perils to *Sedan*,
 The *Ducall* seate of Princely *Bullion*:
 Where hauing well refresht their pinching needs
 And rested some fewe dayes, their Armie speedes
 With running marches o'r the winding turnes
 Of * *Houle* and *Mase*, and that high mountains hornes
 Where *Charlemont* by *Phillips* Souldiers mannd
 In view of *Heinault* and *Namurs* doth stand.
 Then hauing through that territorie past
 They layd the faire *Namurcan* Burrowes wast
 With fire, and sword, and all those hostile ills
 Which hell with foules, the land with slaughter fills.
Gonsaluo mooued with these affrounting harmes
 And iealous of his honour, forth with armes
 With all those *Waloun* bands, and Spanish legions,
 Which quarterd lay within that *Frountiers* regions:
 And taking the * *Campaigna*, straight forelayes
 The crooked passage of those broaken wayes,
 Extended forth from *Mosa* to those floughes,
 Which the rich *Flemming* and *Brabanson* Plowes,
 At *Flourie* neere *Namurs* he pitcht his Tents
 With all the flower of his olde Regiments,

The Count
Palatin.

A great riuer
in *Lorraine*.

Lottaringia or
Lorraine tooke
his name from
one *Lothari-*
cus See *Mer-*
cator in his
description of
it.

Riuers which
run through
Namures.

Gonsaluo de
Corduba Ge-
nerall of the
Spanish armed

The Champi-
on.

Peasants of
the Country.

There ran a
little brooke
betweene
Mansfield and
Corduba.

Mansfield was
Marshall of
Bohemia be-
fore he was
Generall.

At *Hagenawne*
& *Heseldorffe*
the Count
ouerthrew
th' *Imperialls*.

Regiment is a
number of
foote con-
sisting of more
or lesse com-
panies.

Whose Maniples computed by the list,
Of fou'ntene thousand Souldiers did consist,
And twentie thousand Boores well armd with glaiues,
V Vith Firelockes and Herculean clublike staues.
About the time, that bright *Apollo* steepes
His golden tresses in th' *Iberian* deepes,
Counte *Mansfield* doth approach, and hauing spied
Their vaunt curours, vnto that hillocke tied,
Behinde whose couert all their Cohorts laye
To stop our march, and our battalions stay.
Then wading through the flagge ore shaded brookes
Meander wise retorted turning nookes,
Vpon the farther side he makes a stand
And to *Gonsaluo* tenders this demaund.
Whether his valour were resolut to fight
Vpon th' appearaunce of the morning light.
Or that his patience would giue parting leaue,
And so the webbe of both their safeties weaue.
The *Corduban* thus summond, thus replies:
Thinks the *Bohemian* * Marshall to surprise
My wisdome with his words? and curbe my sprite
Lauish in this to doe my soueraigne right?
Can he conceiue his Legions shall depart?
Who thus haue torne th' *Imperiall* Eagles heart,
Despoild our vestall Nuns, ranackt our Friers,
And crammd themselues with pillagd *Ments* and *Triers*;
He must account for all *Bohemiaes* spoile.
For t' *Hagenawne*, and *Heseldorffian* foile,
Before he can our safecondu& obtaine,
And free aduenue into *Brabant* gaine.
Bohemiaes Gen'rall warmd with this replie;
Doth all the bent of his deuoirs applie
To crosse their proiects, and with *Linxean* eyes
Vnto the depth of each aduantage pries,
By which he might his *Phalangiers* defend,
And great *Gonsaluos* * Regiments offend.
He straight commaunds his Cohorts all to lyc
Armd and vnarmd, horse and Infanterie

That

That night in battell ray, behind that hill
 Whose Southerne brow our Maniples did fill,
 Vpon the morne when *Sols* irradiant light
 Had rent the vaile of Sable coulered night,
 He marshalls his diuisions, viewes their ranckes,
 Suruaies all parts, both Vangard, Reare and flanks,
 Giues motiues to their mettall, and doth cheare
 Their wauering minds against the bugs of feare.
 These are, quoth he, those feeble beaten bands,
 So often foild by your victorious hands,
 The reliques of the *Leopoldian* hoaste,
 And of those *Tertioes*, which their honour lost
 At *Heseldorffe*, when our men did defeate
Bauariaes Gen'rall and their Armie beate.
 The rest are *Peazants* rude, vplandish Boores
 Acquainted better with their *Landesdayes* sturres
 With taphouse quarrels, alefomented broiles,
 Then with *Bellonaes* *Hazardes* or her toyles.
 We are those men, who haue *Bohemia* sackt,
 Conquerd* *Prachadis*, *Pilsen* and *Pisacke*
 Haue stroue with natures threats, with dangers dread,
 And through their sence afflicting terrours sped
 Vnto this bedde of fame, where we must fight
 Or else our honourd liues abandon quite.
 Behind vs lies * *Volgesus* crested ridge,
Sambre before vnpassable by bridge,
 Vpon the right hand runs the roaring Mase,
 Vpon the left, great *Corduba* doth face
 Our armd battalions, so that we must die.
 Or gaine our selues by glorious victorie.
 All like this, but two thousand mutineers,
 Who making pay the shadow of their feares,
 Dislike their Gen'ralls motion and refuse
 T'ingage themselues for his imploiments vse.
 The valiant Count on point of seruice set
 With this refusall mou'd doth storming fret:
 As when a retriud *Partridge* mounts the skie
 Some Fauckener lets a cast of Marlins flie

Landesdayes
 are dayes of
 solemne
 meeting.

Three strong
 townes in
Bohemia.

A high moun-
 taine in *Lor-
 raine*.

Whereof that makes it home, but this doth faile
 And Castrell-like doth poorely turne her taile.
 The Fawkner marking from some loftie tree,
 The sadde disaster of this sport doth see.
 And with sterne words thats cowardise doth rate,
 But cheeres the mettall of her soaring mate,
 He chides them first, then seekes to mooue their hearts,
 With melting flakes of his perswasive arts;
 He tells them, what dishonour tweare, what shame
 Vnto the luster of the *German* name,
 Thus to forsake themselves, their friends, their chiefe,
 And sequestrate the meanes of their releefe.
 He shewes that these were not their solemne vowes
 At *Manheim* made, when they did there espouse
 Their lifes to's seruice, and obligd by oath
 Against the Spaniards and Imperials both,
 Did freelie promise neuer to forsake
 His Princely colours, but to vndertake
 The share of all aduentures, till the date
 Expired were, for which the *Cantond* state
 Of Holland had their Legions entertaind,
 Neuer before with disobedience staind.
 But all these words like fuell did encrease
 The raging fire of their stiffe stubbornes,
 Wherefore he leaues this plot, and doth intreate
 That if they would not fight, they would retreate
 Or els aduaunce themselves, and make a stand
 Vpon that place, where he should giue commaund.
 This last being graunted, he doth straight inlarge
 The Frount of his battalions, and doth chardge;
 As when some raine-engendred Torrents shocke
 Both beate vpon an adamantine rocke;
 Or when some sulphurous fulminations fire
 Lights on the crest of some piramide Spire
 The *Bombards* first did with their *Torlin* play,
 And hundreds slaine vpon the Champion lay,
 The bullet furrowed field with shot sowne
 And all the plaine with batterd Corlets strowen.

The free state
 of the *Nether-*
lands.

Then

Then their * Forlorne death destined hope
 With our loose wings of Muskettiers doth coope,
 The lighthorse falling fowle on both the flanks (rankes
 Do chardge, and wheele, and wheeling change their
 The Muskettiers from either side do poure
 Of palefac'd bullets a death storming shower
 The Pikemen push, and pushing with their Pike
 Through maild habergeons, helmes and Corslets strike.
 Foote stickes to foote, and hand doth gripe with hand
 Each Frounter with his Frounter next doth bande:
 With streames of bloud the bloudie greene doth smoake,
 Whose vapour tooke foment with eu'rie stroake.
 Our Curaciers by valiaunt * *Brunswicke* led
 The last of all vnto this combat sped
 Whose footesteps dread and danger did attend,
 Wherfocuer they did with their Cornets wend.
 Heere a braue Souldier wounded with a bruise
 Through th' orifice his fleeting soule out spues,
 Heere a sure Gunner shot off by the knees
 Liues vpward, whilst the nether fragment steeces.
 Heere a man-woman *Amazonian* dame
 A *Uotaresse* to *Mars*, and *Venus* game
 Shot neere her friend in his imbracements dies,
 And liuing dying thus doth sympathize.
 But in the midst of this tumultuous broile
Brunswicke though shot out braueth feare and toile,
 Both chardge and rechardge, fals on Frount and flanke,
 Sometimes by file sometimes giuing in by rancke.
 From morne till noone this dreadfull fight did last,
 But when* the sunne had the Meridian past
 Some thirtie minutes, all things being confusd,
 The Spanish vanguard broake, their Chiefe amusd
 With our mens courage; *Mansfield* then appears
 More then himselfe, and thus inflaming cheeres.
 His last referue: come on, keene vp your sp: t: 41
 Against these Barbr'ous Demimoores despite;
 Breake through the Frount of that halfe broken troupe
 And make their stiffnes to your valour stoope,

Loose wings
which begin
the fight.

Otherwise
calld the
Bishop of
Halberstat

It was a lit-
tle after mid
day.

With

With your well pointed blades hew out your way
 Through their battalions which your course forelay.
 No sooner sayd but done, for forth they rush,
 And like some winter storme do downe right push
 All that's opposd, and rowting file by file
 Rancke after rancke they passe that iron toyle
 Vnto the station of our mutineers,
 Whose wauering fills both sides with iealous feares.
 For *Corduba* surmising that they lay
 For a reserue, his last pursuite to stay,
 Durst not ingage his ouertired bande,
 But on the place of battaile kept his stand.
 The losse was not vnlike; foure thousand flaine
 Of either side the Champions browe did staine
 VVith Purple streames of their vermilion bloud
 VVhose *Rubie* congeald on th' Earths surface stood.
 Amongst this honourd list stout *Weimars* Duke,
 And *Rongiere* their fatall deaths wound tooke
Mengesheim was ta'en, and *Brunswicks* arme was shot
 VVho lost his hand whilst he the lawrell got.
 This conflict being past, the Count doth march
 (Mounted vpon a rich triumphant Arche)
 Ouer the* *Sambre*, vanquisheth the Boores,
 Passeth through *Brabant*, ioyneth there his powers
 Neere *Rosendale* with the* *Nassauian* Graue,
 Both being resolud thin'gaged towne to saue
 From the *Castilians*, who with might and maine
 Applied the siege *Bergen-opzom* to gaine.
 Fame bruiting this with her shrill Sounding winde
 VVith iealous feares fills the Marquesse's minde;
 VVho doubting that both Armies might Surprise,
 His passage vnto *Antwerpe*, straight doth rise
 With all his* *Tertioes*, and to *Vulcan* turnes
 His strawebuilt station, which inflamed burnes
 The large extent of that well fenced frame,
 Ere our *Bergheneers* to the pillage came.
 But what *Toledos* wiles,* *Farneses* might,
Gonsalues power, nor *Spinolaes* despite

A riuer which
 runneth into
 the *Mase*.
 The Prince of
Orange.

Regiments.

The Prince of
Parma.

Could

Could not effect; for nine times seven yeares
 Against the fortune of the *Belgian* Peeres;
 Home-spunne Sedition, if not crost by Fate,
 Was like to worke against our *Vnions* State.
 This faction first was leaven'd by the sower
 Of call'd *Arminianisme*, whose clowdie shower
 Seem'd to deface the cleare irradiant Sunne
 Of reform'd Truth, which on these Regions shone.
 New Sectaries these Rudiments did varnish
 With fresh additions, and did fairely garnish
 The Frontispice of that halfe rotten house,
 Whose Architecture did the soules amuse
 Of sundry *Belgians*, which for shelter came
 To this faire-seeming scarce substantiall frame.
 This diffrence in Religion caus'd another
 Diffrence in Faction, which th' *Arminians* smother
 For selfe-behoouing reasons, till the State
 Was manag'd by t' *Hollandish* Aduocate,
 Great *Barnevelt*, a Paragon for wit,
 For faction, greatnesse, which entirely knit,
 And linkt to's fortunes, were the golden bayts
 That caught Plebeian minds with fond deccits:
 He vassal'd as the rumour saith, to *Spaine*,
 Ennious to *Nassaw*, couetous to gaine,
 And spheare within his reaches that command,
 Which *Maurice* held with his victorious hand;
 Appalls the multitude with iealous feares,
 With tickling rumours fills the glowing eares
 Of his Associates, tells them that t'indure
 The proud *Nassanians* yoake, and their grandeur,
 Were to proiect their freedoms, and themselves
 Against the ridge of those Monarchicke shelues,
 Which mightie * *Philip* raised at the first,
 To quench his vast ambitions Dropsie thirst.
 Besides it were against the sacred Lawes
 Of God and Nature, to forsake the Cause
 Of their Religion, which b' *Arminius* spred,
 And replanted in *Hollands* fruitfull bed,

Philip the 2.
 King of *Spaine*

By his Disciples, now despis'd, abie&t,
 Vvas eu'n suppress'd by the *Calvinian Sect*.
 Thus Policie ieynd with Religion shrowdes
 The *Barneveltine* plots, and like those cloudes,
 Where a Parelion sits, deceiues the sight
 Of rash beholders with their specious light.
 But O diuine Religion, why shouldst thou
 To mens designs; nay, palliations bow?
 O why shouldst thou, whose radiant tresses chaine
 God vnto man, and man to God againe?
 Why should thy Name ineffable, diuine,
 Zeales Cabinet, and pure Devotions shrine,
 Bee made a stale to all the blacke intents
 Of humane proiects? and the bloody bents
 Of their pretences, who pretending right,
 Like *Nimrods* proud against thy Scepter fight.
 So that there liues not that damn'd * *Assassine*,
 Nor that vnloyall loyaliz'd *Ignatian*;
 Not that *Rauilliac*, whose death poynted knife
 Despoyl'd the braue * *Nauarrois* of his life;
 Not that * *Burgundian* Murderer, that *Squire*,
 Nor that *Lopes*, but drawes the twisted wire
 Of his ranke Treasons from the faire pretence
 Of glaz'd Religion, though his senselesse sense,
 Right * *Apoplecticke*-like ne're feesles the motion
 Of pietie, nor zealous true deuotion.
 But *Barnevelt* suppress'd, his faction quell'd,
 His popular Collosicke props downe fell'd,
 The *Lernean* Head of that rebellious rout
 Being sundred quite, whose falsehood went about
 To subiugate the Netherlands againe
 Vnto the rule of rule-desiring *Spaine*.
 Some few yeares after, this seditious crue
 Makes head againe, and freshly doth pursue
 Their ancient quarrell, whose proiected bent
 Fuell'd with malice, fedde with discontent,
 Intends the wracke of the *Nassauian* race.
 But in their weales weale-publike to deface.

A damned
Murderer.

Henry the 4.
Gerard, who
kild the prince
of Orange.

Those that
haue the *Apo-*
plexie, are in-
sensible.

There

There want not *Catilines*; rich *Harlem* sends
 From cold North-*Hollands* Frost congealed ends,
 Four Climate differing Sprites, inflam'd with fire
 Of light Ambition, Soueraignties desire,
 With Enuie, and Reuenge, whose fuming terrours
 Distract their soules into a maze of errors.
 But *Barnevelt*s two sonnes, winde vp the clue
 Of all their doubts, and to their faction skrew
 Other Associates, in which damned List
 * *Slatius* hath not the meanest Interest,
 With *Cornewinder*, and *Adrian van Deicks*,
 Whom blinde fold zeale to false rebellion pricks.
 Thus was the plot; foure Assassines designd
 For this blacke deed, were solemnly combin'd
 By mutuall vowes, and interchanged oathes,
 Which blushing *Sol*, and palefac'd *Cynthia* loathes)
 To Pistoll *Maurice*, *Henricke*, and the rest
 Of the *Nassauian* stocke; this being confest
 By two Conspirators, the Prince straight hies
 From *Riswicke* to the *Hague*, and there descries
 In an *Arminian* house foure of this crue,
 Whose malice did great *Nassaws* death pursue.
 All these were seiz'd by the * *Pretorian* band,
 Imprison'd, arraign'd, and by the powerfull hand
 Of right-diuiding Iustice put to death,
 As men vnworthie to vsurpe that breath,
 Whose rancoar had conspir'd their Countries sacke,
 State-alteration, and religions wracke.
 Such was the doome of *Slatius*, such the lot
 Of young *Barnevelt*, who to *Scheueling* got
Laruates his visage, doth his name exchange,
 And in a Skippers habite seekes to range
 From *Holland* to the rich *Hamburgers* Seat,
 Against whose walls the billowing *Elbe* doth beat.
 But found at *Scheueling* by the curious eyes
 Of publike search, hee for this Treason dies,
 For what reward can Treason else expect,
 But punishment, and rigours worst effect?

The names of
 these 4. were
Cor. Gerritzon
Her. Herman-
son, John Nico-
las, Theodorick
Leonardson.

Daniel Slatius
 an *Arminian*
 Preacher.

Riswicke, a
 Dorpe neere to
 the *Hague*.

The Prince of
Oranges guard

A smal harbor
 within a mile
 of the *Hague*.

Goffe, a towne
in *Cleueland*, as
then vnder the
king of *Spaine*.

The Bishop of
Colen, who is
also Bishop of
Munster and
Leege.

Two great ri-
uers in *West-*
phalia.

Fulde and *E-*
der, two riuers
of *Hessen*.

But rather of the sonnes comes fairer off,
Who passing by the *Geldrians* vnto * *Goffe*,
There saues himselfe, and pentioneerd to *Spaine*,
New proiects of reuenge doth entertaine,
Hoping his Sires and Brothers death to quite,
Wrought as he sayes by the *Nassauians* spite.
The Winter past in tortures, Aprill smiles
To see the labour'd preparations toyles,
Which both sides take, t'enrich the colder earth
With streames of blood, whose forc't abortiue birth
With Ruby-colour'd Roses decks the fields
Of rich *Westphalia*, which that * Bishop weelds,
Whose triple-Mitred power, whose dreadfull awe
To all th'inferiour Circles giues the Lawe,
Supported by the *Popes*, and *Casars* grace,
By *Bauier*, and potent *Austriaes* race.
Hee proud of these supports, and of that ayd
Which *Leege* and *Munster* sends, had strongly stayd
The current of our Vnion; and deuoted
Vnto the See of *Rome*, had Clerke-like quoted
The *Machiullian* Index, for the shifts
Of policies, and false euasie drifts.
Brunswicke inflam'd with this proud Prelats wrongs,
To reuenge which his boyling spirit longs;
Abandoneth his former wintring place,
Repasseth *Ems*, and cleare *Visurgis* face.
Then ransacking the crammd *Westphalian* Dorps,
With their releefe he feeds the Souldiers corps.
Strong was his Armie, numerous and faire,
Which breathed nought but hop'd *Victoriaes* ayre:
For now besides his old well-trained Bands,
Which wintred in the *Paterbornian* lands;
New reinforcements warlike *Hassia* sends
From flaggie * *Fuldes*, and *Eders* rouling bends.
The like the *Saxon* doth from those cold hills,
Whose Snow-bred torrent *Albis* channell fills.
Thus did the *Rhinegrane*; thus did *Louestein*,
Altenburg, *Weimer*, *Schlic*, and *Vitgeinstein*,

All Colloneis of those farre-feared Legions,
 Which *Brunswicke* raised in these vpper Regions.
 Th'Imperials were not for their number equall,
 But passing our *Besonian* Bands in mettall,
 Consisting of those Cohorts which *Mortaigne*,
 Which *Truchses* led, and *Dane* alyed *Holsteine*,
 Of the *Croatian* Horle which *Anhalt* brought,
 Of late vnto the *Spanish* faction wrought,
 Of the *Calabrian* Bands, and of that force
 VWhich * *Paulus* sent from *Tibers* sandy source.
 About the time that *Munsters* wealthy Boore,
 VVith *Ceres* fruits renewd his former store,
 VVhen *Maurice* lay within faire *Arnhams* walls,
 And *Mansfield* lodg'd neere to swift *Emses* falls:
 The Duke to *Statloo* came, and on the bankes
 Of * *Honner* quarterd false *Criphausens* rankes,
 To make that passage good against the foe,
 VWhich neere to *Vulten* did their Ensignes show.
 But hee being hooked by the golden bayt
 Of *Tilleys* promises, forsaketh straight
 The place of his Command, which *Tilley* taketh
 VVith his * *Crabats*, and from that Station maketh
 To the *Brunswican* Vanguard, which being charg'd,
 At first acquitted well, and well discharg'd
 Their Martiall duties; but at length being prest
 By the *Croatian* Rutters, which addrest
 Themselues to their encounter, they forsooke
 The bloody Combate, and themselues betooke
 To a dishonour'd flight, which *Brunswicke* seekes
 To stop with blowes and words, but still he meets
 Those fearefull buggs, which cowards soules affright,
 VVho rather chose to die, then liue to fight.
 Are these, quoth hee, the solemne Ale. bench braues,
 Made by these lumpes of clay, these sodden slaues?
 VVho when they were but tickled with the heat
 Of sulphurous *Rhenish*, would whole Armies beat,
 Would quarter Gen'rall *Tilley*, lard his heart
 With points of steeled Pikes, t'auenge the smart

Paulus the
 Pope sent suc-
 cours to the
 Emperour in
 these warres.

Honner is a ri-
 uer in *West-*
phalia, which
 runs neere to
Statloo, the
 place where
 the battell
 was fought.
 Are *Croatian*
 Horfmen.

Done to my cousin *Fredericke*, and his *Queene*,
 By *Ferdinands*, and *Philips* mortall spleene.
 But now being set vpon their Fortunes trialls,
 They proue but hollow caskes, but emptie vials,
 Big speaking puffers, glorious of their words,
 But Iades and dastards, weaklings with their swords.
 Fie, fie for shame, leaue off to runne and rout,

Rally, is to re-
 order, or bring
 in order a-
 gaine.

A small towne
 vnder the
 States, which
 lay two leagues
 off.

Rally your selues, and face it once about,
 Then shall you see the God of Battels smile,
 And vanquishers th'Imperiall Eagles foyle.
 But maugre all these words, they rout and runne,
 As when some horned heard the hounds doth shunne.
 They flie towards *Breafort*, whom the fierce *Crabats*
 Pursue, and strike downe with the thundring claps
 Of their *Carbins*, so that for two leagues space,
 You could see nought vpon the Champions face
 But carnage of mankind, but Corsets strowen,
 But poynts of Pikes, of Swords, and Halberts sownen.
 Two hundred foes were kill'd, two thousand slaine
 Of the *Brunswicans*, and five thousand ta'en
 With spoyles, and Honour crowned *Tilley's* host;
 But that which did enlarge their glory most,
 Was their compassion, and their mercie knowne
 Vnto the captiue *Halberstadians* showne.
 After the fortune of this battell past,
 By Treason, and our Souldiers rawnesse lost,
Brunswicke retires with his halfe-broken Band
 Vnto the Confines of fat *Gelderland*;
 Where entertaining, all the chosen best
 For the State-Seruike, he cashieres the rest
 Of that defeated selfe-betraying rabble,
 Whom cowardise, or sicknesse made vnable
 To follow his designs, whose Verge still bends
 To crosse the Spanish and Imperiall ends.
 Foure times from this had *Cynthia* clos'd her hornes,
 And foure times runne compleat her menstruall turnes,
 When neere Decembers last, t' *Hollandish* Fleet
 Bound for *Brasill*, commanded were to meet,

If tempest scatterd, neere that necke of land,
Where Sugar rich Saint *Saluador* doth stand.
They from the * *Texell* loosing, plow'd those waues,
Whose curled surge great *Brittaines* Foreland laues.
Then passing by rich *Lisbornes* foamic Bay,
And the *Terceraes*, they thence made away
To *Teneriffaes* *Pske*, and that deepe sound,
Where *Neptunes* tumbling billowes doe rebound
From *Gambra*, *Mellis*, and that Sunburnt shore,
Whence *Ginee* sends her Idolized Oare.
Then sayling West Southwest they past the mouth
Of * *Maragnon*, and bending further South,
They coasted all along that beachie Strand,
Whose checker borders faire *Brasilias* Land.
Heere from th' *Eolian* wind out-belching cell
The God of stormes sent forth a tempest fell
Vpon the *Dutch*, which did their Galecouns beat,
And sep'rated their Sea-commanding Fleet.
So that e're *Willecks* came, mine * *Here van Dort*,
Arriued in *Los Santos* spacious Port,
Who thundring with his Cannon, giues th' Alarme,
And makes the * *Blackes*, and *Spaniards* all to arme.
Then backe he falls into the watrie Maine,
To seeke out *Hollands* Admirall againe.
Three times the Sunne had dipt his *Phlegons* feet,
And cool'd his Pasterns in the westerne deepe;
When that fa're famed *Tiphis* of aduenture
Great *Willeks*, doth with all his Squadron enter
The foamic mouth of the *Brasilian* Bay,
And within distance of their Platformes lay:
Whose Canoniers our roared Galecouns plie
With roaring peales of their Artillery;
These answerd them from t'high and lower Tires,
With * reuolets of their *Promethean* fires.
This salutation past, he straight resolves
To land his Troupes, and seriously resolves
Each aduantageous course, no forme, no shape
Of what expedient was, could once escape

The Hauens of
Amsterdam.

Countries in
Affricke.

Maragnon is a
Riuer, which
boundeth *Bra-*
filia to the
Northward.

Willecks was
Admirall, and
my Lo. of *Dort*
commanded
for the land,
Negroes.

With vollics
of shot returned
againc.

His

His pondrous thoughts, for knowing words to be
The solacers of feares infirmitie;

He thus inflames, thus comforts, thus exhorts
His *Hollanders*: Come on my braue Consorts,
Heere's honour, riches, profit, and what not

V Within *Saluador* to bee lost, or got;

Heere are those Ingots rich, those precious graines,

Reall, a Riuer
which bordereth
Brasill to
the Southward

Which * *Reall* washeth from the mountaines vaines;

Heere is that Oare, for which the Negro slaues

Vnlocke the closets of th' Infernall caues,

Kept by these meagre Guardians, verball puffes,

Bigge lookers in their high *Castilian* ruffes,

Vaine glorious
Braggarts;

But meere * *Quixotes*, *Rodomantading* braues,

Faire-frontispic'd like to their Grandoes graues,

But full of emptinesse, and those defects,

V Which valour in selfe-bragging still detects.

So that the spoyle is facill, if that wee

Hotchpotch is
any thing that
is mingled; a
*Dutch-Eng-
lish* word.

Can beat this * Hotch-potch of mortalitle;

These *Spaniards*, *Portugals*, *Saluages*, *Moors*,

V Who keepe not, but are kept within the Towers

Of Saint *Saluador*: Nor is priuate gaine,

Nor priuate fame the sole proiected ayme

Of this dayes seruice, but the publike good,

Since the losse
of *Iuliers*.

V Which bleeding * since our *Iuliacke* losses stood,

Must be the scope of eu'rie Souldiers bent,

To which if wee giue iust accomplishment;

The *Andes* di-
uide *Peru* and
Brasill to the
Westward.

Then th' *Andian* Mountaines which diuide the skies,

Shall ope their vaines to our new Colonies;

These Trees
are so big, that
whol families
dwell in them.

Then those *Brasilian* woods, * whose massie Trees

Saluages hiue, like swarmes of *Russian* Bees,

With all those verdant Plaines, which *Oregliana*,

A great Lake
in this Coun-
trei.

V Which *Reall* watereth, and curl'd * *Eupana*,

Shall bee the guerdons of our glorious toyle,

And honour'd Embleames of th' *Iberians* foyle.

This speech being past, stout *Willeks* doth imbarke

Long-Boates.

V Within the * Skiffes, which from their Galeouns warpe,

Two thousand chosen men, whose ready sprite

Straight vndertakes the danger of this fight.

Then

Then the lowd Cannon reares, the Souldiers scale,
 The Mariners with Boat-hookes downe doe hale
 The * Palisadoes: but the Fort well mann'd
 At first to their defence did brauely stand,
 And pow'd downe from the * Parapetted walls
 Pitch-burning hoopes, Granadoes, wild-fire balls,
 Tarlin and Musket shot; but at the leng h
 These Spanish Hotespurres loose their former strength,
 Being stiffely charg'd, and to the towne recoyle,
 Outwearied with this dang'rous combates toyle,
 Leauing behind their euer honour'd Chiefe
 Forlorne of all, deuoyd of all reliefe,
 Who fights it out eu'n at the Rapiers poynt,
 Vntill surcharg'd with odds, and vigour spent,
 He sheathed vp his Bilboe-temprede blade,
 And to the Conqu'rouers this submission made:
 I yeeld my selfe, this Castle, and this Fort,
Saluadors Towne, and faire *Los Sanctos Port*,
 To you my noble *Dutch* for all shall be
 Now vassaliz'd to your new Seigneury:
 Onely my Soule vncaptiued remaines
 Free from th'aspersion of those baser staines,
 Which brand these fugitiues, who had they been
 But Souldiers true, but hardie valiant men;
 Sooner should * *Rio grande* haue chang'd his course,
 And retrograde reuised his source;
 Sooner should th' *Andian Alps* haue washt their head
 In foamie *Neptunes* peeble-checked bed,
 Then any parcell of *Brasiliaes* land
 Should once haue stoopt to *Oranges* command.
 The Gouvernour thus seaz'd, the Castle wonne,
 The Fort surpris'd, and *Saint Saluadors Towne*
 Being quitted by the foes; the *Dutch* Cohorts
 Doe forthwith enter those portculliz'd Ports,
 Whose bending passage giues an open way
 To this large Citie from *Los Sanctos Bay*.
 Great was the spoyle, for Iewels, golde, and plate
 Inricht the publicke, and the priuate state

Are pales set
 vp vpon the
 top or bottome
 of a Rampier.
 Parapet is a
 Worke made
 breft high vpo
 the top of a
 wall or Ram-
 pire.

Rio grande, a
 Riuer which
 runs from the
 lake of *Expana*
 into *Maragnō*.

Wedges of
Peruvian gold

V Vith pillage store; *Potosies* golden barres,
The supporters of these *Philippicke* warres,
Peruvian Ingots, redde *Brasilian* wood,
Rich *Cochineale*, and Sugar perfect good,
Became the guerdons of the *Dutchmens* paines,
And new additions to their ancient gaines.
The rumour of this losse no sooner came,
Out trumpeted by truth-reporting Fame
Vnto the Court of *Spaine*, but reuenge wrought
Within their Councels breast, whose rancour sought
To finde some proiect out, by which they might
Los Sanctos losse, and *Saint Salvadors* quite.
Plots diffrent were propos'd; but at the last,
This suffraged in Common counsell past
That *Spinola* by conquered *Bredaes* gaine,
Must *Spaines* eclipsed Honour remaintaine.
For this designe the fierce * *Ligurian* takes
The field at *Ballart*, and from *Ballart* makes
Towards *Hoochstraten*, and renown'd *Turnhout*,
For our mens valour, and th' *Iberians* rout :
Then passing by small *Gilsen*, *Baerle*, and *Cham*,
About mid-August all their Legions came
To *Ginneken*, and neere the *Merkaes* bankes
(Whose channell their intrenched Leaguer flankes)
They drew their Quarters out; th' *Italian* Bands,
Which *Baglioni* the *Lumbard* proud commands
Were lodg'd at *Terheiden*, their *Almaines* led
By *John* of *Nassaw*; were all billeted
Within *Terhague*; the *Marquess* with the men
Of his Diuisions, lay at *Ginneken*,
Resolued all to winne that glorious prise,
Which *Maurice* got by *Lamberts* Turfe-deuice.
The Citizens on the defensue stand,
With new Supplies, and Reinforcements mann'd,
Which * *Hauterine*, which *Gris*, and *Morgan* ledd
From glassie *Seines*, and *Tamse's* fruitfull bedd,
Which *Lockerens* brought from the *Christall Mase*,
From sandie *Rhines*, and *Iffells* watrie face,

Spinola.

At *Turnhout*
the Spaniards
were defeated
especially by
the valour of
the *English*.

These were
Colonels of
the *English*,
French, and
Dutch.

Com-

Commanded all by *Justin of Nassaw*,
 Who to the Towne, and Souldiers gaue the Law.
 Besides, the * Prince reinforced with supplies,
 Sent from his *English* friends, and fast Alies,
 Which braue *Southampton* led, which valiant *Writhsly*,
 Which *Essex*, *Oxford*, *Veare* and *Willoughby*
 Commanded for the States, had past his Bands
 From *Holland* through the rich *Braban*son lands,
 To * *Meed* and *Stinesand*, where his care attends
 To succour his *Breda*-beleagred friends,
 With all those stratagems, which force or wit
 Could yeeld, to farther, or to finish it.
 The rumour of this siege, with th' expectation
 Brought Voluntiers from eu'ry Christian Nation
 Vnto both Leaguers, in which honour'd list
Poloniaes Prince claimes chiefeft interest:
 Who comming from the cold *Sarmatian* plaines,
 From *Rugeland*, and high *Almaine* rich in vaines
 Of sundry Mineralls, arriu'd at last
 (After the chance of many fortunes past)
 At *Austrian* *Isabels* renowned Court,
 Where entertain'd with that Maiesticke port,
 Which did besit his Greatnesse he retires
 Vnto the Campe from *Bruxels* stately Spires,
 Desiring more to see the Leaguers face,
 The *Spanish* Stations, and their Souldiers grace,
 Then all that pompe, which *Bruxels* did affoord,
 To entertaine this young *Polonian* Lord.
 Vpon his first approach the *Spanish* foe
 New postures of their ancient boasting show;
 They bragge and braue it, that this braue *Polaque*,
 Should take our strongest works, and *Breda* sacke,
 Should lay the Rampiers leuell with the plaine,
 And *Merks* current with our Vermillion staine.
 But his designs were safer, for the Prince
 Knew that Experience should finde difference
 Betwixt our Troupes, and those *Cossackes* which haunt
Meotis Fennes, and *Tartaries* Leuant:

The Prince
of Orange.

Two villages
in *Brabant*,
where they
first quartered.

The Prince of
Poland.

He knew that here were no *Tartarian* Drouers,
 No *Turkish* Prickers, nor *Valachian* Rouers,
 No *Muskonitish*, nor *Hungarian* Bands,
 Whose fight on number, more then valour stands.
 But heere were French and English nations bold
 Within the Curtin of this Rampierd hold,

These were
Bassas slaine
 and defeated
 by the Prince
 of Poland.

And these not led by * *Alis-beg*, nor *Nahan*,
 Nor by *Cirkas*; but by *Lock'ren*, and *Morgan*,
 By *Gris* and *Hauterine* men of that merit,
 That death nor danger could not sinke their Spirit.
 Moreouer twas not the *Castilians* bent,
 To take this place by forcible attempt,
 By battering, *Petarring*, or *Scalado*,
 By sapping, mining, or by *Camisado*,
 They knew t'were labour lost, t'were worke in vaine
 To seeke by force this Fortresse strong to gaine.
 But famine was the plot, the *Fabian* course
 By which they meant the Souldiers hearts to force,
 And skrew to their conditions: for what strength
 So *Adamantine* is? but yeelds at length
 Vnto the force of famine; there's no law
 Can giue prescription to a suffring mawe:
 For *Casars* selfe must yeeld, and *Pompey* vaile,
 If victuals with their hungry Colon faile.
 T'accomplish this great Castiles armie blockes
 The friendly *Mercke*, and with their Cannon stoppes
 The Land * aduenues, fiew well fenced Forts
 Do barre the mouth of our porcullizd ports
 From all access: no *Skoutes*, no *Spies* could passe,
 The Circling Rampiers large extended masse
 But their obiected sight must straight wayes be
 The pointreblancke ayme of Spaines Artillerie.
 Those mightie workes, which with your wandring eyes
 On * *Wiltshires* battell plaines you may descry;
 Those monuments left by the conqu'ring *Danes*,
 And the *Saxons* to eternize their names,
 Were counterfeits, and workes of little fame
 Compar'd with this *Gigantike* malsie frame.

Aduenue fig-
 nifies a pas-
 sage

The plaines in
Wiltshire

To pierce them through, t'were to diuide the breast
 Of *Greekish Isthmos*, or to cut the crest
 Of *Athos* and *Olimpus*; twere to draine
 That ebbing flowing *Mediterran* maine,
 Which runs betweene the sweet * *Dordrecian* Ile
 And bleeding *Brabants* *Rubie* coul' red soile.
 His Excellence knew this, and for this cause
 Without all dallying demurres all delayes
 He leaues his *Meedan* quarters, and doth fall
 From thence vnto sweete-seated *Rosendale*,
 Where he refortifies his winter station,
 Vseth th' assurance of his former caution,
 Seekes to cut off great *Spinolae* Conuoyes,
 And fill his Campe with *Myriads* of annoyes.
 His brother *Henericke* at *Longstratten* lay
 Vpon the passage of the * *Bosnian* way,
 To cut of those Supplies, which *Brabant* sent,
 Which *Namurs*, *Heinault*, and *Burgundia* lent,
 Which the *Limburgers* brought in ratling Carres,
 As contributours to these *Belgian* warres.
 Both Armies lying thus, excursions past
 And frequent sallies where the various cast
 Of wauering Fortune gaue the glorious prise
 With doubtfull reuolution; in such wise
 That now the Dutchmen vanquish, now the foe
 The *Netherlandish* Souldiers doth o'rethrow.
 Amongst the rest courageous *Breoute*
 Left heere this life t'acquire Eternitie;
 Whose body *Mountioyes* daring rescue gaue
 The sollemne rights of an obsequious graue.
 Thus died the Captaine of th' *Orangian* guard,
 Who sallying forth the like disaster shar'd,
 With diuerse others, which in honours bed
 Deceasing liue, intomb'd, vnburied,
 Worthy for worth enen to suruiue that death,
 Which spoild them of their hor or breathing breath.
 But where the sworde one pettie Squadron slew,
 The Pestilence to *Plutoes* mansion drew

The Ile of
Dorte.

Vpon the way
of the *Busse*.

Thousands of soules, whose numerous Cohorts
 Crowded the passage of the Strigian ports.
 So that no stragling soule could portage gaine,
 From th' vpper world vnto th' Infernall maine.
 But O thou scourge of Armies, why shouldst thou
 To *Mars* his steellie traine destruction vow?
 Why should *Bellonaes* votaries indure
 Thy bloodie fluxe, thy madding Callenture?
 Why should the swelling botch, the watrie blaine
 That seate of valour with contagion staine,
 And tainte that purer consecrated bloud
 Which vow'd it selfe for *Belgiaes* publicke good.
 Was't not inough to powre thy malice forth,
 Vpon, the colder * *Regions* of the North?
 To plague the warrelike Danes, the sturdie Swecians,
 The Rugians, Lappians, and the slow *Norwegians*?
 Was't not inough for thy death miniond selfe,
 To *Golgothize* the streetes of stately Delfe,
 And, make faire *Leidens* trembling students flie
 From learnings once, now deaths Academie?
 Was't not enough to lay west *Frieseland* waste
 And waste * *Traiectum*? but with winged hast
 Thou must inlade the Princes warrelike Campe,
 And thousands kill with that obnoxious dampe,
 Which first infects the Subtle poared Aire,
 And from thence doth our vitall strength impaire,
 By tainting those vermilion flowing vaines,
 Those life-conduits with thy contagious staines.
 And could not heere plebeian bloud asswage
 The boundles bounds of thy Luxuriant rage?
 But must *South-hamptons* Earle, must *Oxfords* selfe
 Dye by the darts of this accursed Elfe?
 Must * *Wriothsley*, *Vindham*, *Chester*, *Halswell* dye,
 Slaine by the shafts of dire mortalitie?
 But deade they are, whether that angrie nature
 Enuied to earth their moore diuiner feature;
 Or being malignant both to Armes, and Arts,
 Skorn'd this Sublunar should possesse those parts,

All those Nor-
 therene Coun-
 tries were this
 last yeere
 much annoyed
 with the
 Plague.

Vtrecht.

My Lord
Wriothsley
 eldest sonne to
 th' Earle of
Southampton.

Those

Those seates of wonder, which with such a measure
 Were powred forth of great *Pandoraes* treasure.
 Yet these being gone, * *Ratcliffe* reputed dead,
 For *Pompeyes* repulse Fame-eternized,
 Liues, and suruiues, new Honours to attaine
 From the defeated Colonels of *Spaine*.
 And since that they are dead, O that my Verse
 Could giue but life to their thrice-honour'd Herse;
 Then sooner should the Northerne Coachman steepe,
 His falling Teeme within the *Russian* deepe;
 Sooner should *Tbames* forsake his Easterne course,
 And sliding backe runne Westward to his source,
 Then that their Lawrell-consecrated praise
 Should want the Crowne of such suruiuing Layes,
 VWhich might giue life in death, and make that last
 Beyond Times power, and cankred Enuies blast.
 And as for thee, sweet *Breda*, which dost stand
 Vpon the *Merkaes* peeble bordred strand,
 Since thou beleagred art with sundry Legions,
 Which came from those *sun-scorched western Regions; *From Spaine*,
 So that no store of victualls, no supply
 Can bring reliefe to thy necessitie.
 And if the *Spaniard* still so strongly lies,
 That neither *Nassaws* force, nor flie deuice
 Can raise the siege; if those new leuied Bands,
 Which *Brunswicks* Duke, and *Cromwels* selfe commands,
 VWhich vnder *Maunsfields* conduct, *Rich* and *Lincolne*,
 Which *Burroughs* leads, which *Doncaster* and *Hopton*
 Cannot inforce th'*Iberian* Troupes to rise,
 Nor gaine their way by *Spinolaes* surprise.
 Then could I wish, that all that large extent,
 VWhich lies within the *Rauelins* Continent,
 VVere full of *Indian* * *Cocoas*, which doe grow
 Vpon those Plaines where *Pernes* streames doe flow,
 Whose strong oppletieue power doth strangely fill,
 And swallowed doth both thirst and hunger kill.
 Then could I wish, that some Spring-forced tide
 Would make *Merks* current retrograde to glide,

Sir Iohn Rat-
cliffe repulsed
Pompes and
Branchasio, as
 they thought
 to passe ouer
 the *Waal*, vn-
 der the con-
 duct of *Buc-*
quoy.

A strange
 kind of fruit
 which growes
 in *Pern*.

And

When *Rochell*
was besiegd,
great store of
shell fish were
miraculously
cast vp vpon
the shoare for
the releefe of
the Citizens.

And when the forced riuer thus doth flow
Whole Cockly mountaines it might vpwards throw
Vpon the strand; as when *Aniou*, and *Guise*,
Thought *Neptune* flanked *Rochell* to Surprise:
It once befell vpon that sandy shoare,
Where th' Ocean doth against *Coreilles* roare.
And then perhaps might *Bredaes* siege be such
As was *Ostends* or *Bergens*; and as much
The dammagd foe might then, and there sustaine,
As they did in those former sieges gaine,
When *Veare* and *Morgan* brauely did repell
That Spanish storme, which on their Legions fell.
But whilst my muse thus Prayes, Fame from those cels
Where audience, rumour, and relation dwells,
Brings vs sad tidings, that strong-flankt *Breda*
Reconquerd is by warrelike *Spinola*;
Who after eight moneths siege regaind that place,
Which so much did his Grayhaired actions grace.
For although *Maurice* by surprising *Cleue*,
By *Antwerpes* cold attempt sought to relecue
Beleaguerd Breda; though that *Morgan* braue
Resolu'd to make th' ingaged place his Graue,
And stood on the defensine with that troupe
Which sword nor famine could not make to stoope,
Although without stout *Veare*, and *Oxfords* Count
Most daringly the Spanish workes did mount;
And wone two *Rodoubts*, whereas *Payton*, *Winne*,
Tubbe, *Dacres*, *Hawley*, *Stanhope* got within
The Parapetted Rampier, brauely fought
And death amongst whole armed squadrons fought.
Yet famine still increasing, whose affroutte
No courage though death-daring can surmount,
And eight dayes foode being onely left to feede
The greedie Souldiers and the Burgers neede;
The Spaniards grant a parle, our men agree
Inforc'd thereto by meere necessitie:
Conditions to depart were such, as we
Could hardly looke for from an Enemie:

With

With *Serons* colours flying, matches light,
 Bullets in mouth, our waggons Loaden weight
 With bagge and baggage, and a safe conuoy
 To safeguard our's from all hostile annoy.
 Besides when as our Cohorts all dismarcht
 From *Breda's* ports, and through their quarters past
 The curteous *Genouese* saluteth all,
 But specially for *Morgans* selfe doth call,
 Imbraceth him, and honouring a foe
 So worthy doth himselfe thrice worthie show.
 But though *Breda* be lost, reconquerd *Goffe*
 By *Lambarts* valour hath the chaines shooke off
 Of *Castiles* thraldome, and the taken towne
 Mannd with a strong *Orangian* Garrison,
 Makes all South *Cleene-lands* *Ceres*-blessed shoare,
 Where *Rhine* against strong *Grauenweert* doth roare,
 Pay contribution eu'n to that same land,
 Where *Iuliers* on the Roars bankes doth stand.
 This was that *Lambart* who with *Herangiere*,
 From *Holland* did that famous Turfe-boat steere,
 When they five thousand ours but seu'ntie were,
 Who this vnheard of enterprise did dare.
 He waiting on the foes with *Argian* eyes,
 Discouers by his subtle curious spies
 That *Goffes* attempt was facill, for the moate
 Was passable without the corked floate,
 Without the *Skiffe* or *Punt* neere to that place,
 V Which did the V Vesterne bulwarkes platforme face.
 For this designe he drawes two thousand men,
 From *Arnhem*, *Embricke*, *Rees*, and *Nimeghen*,
 V Who cou'ered with a silent Mooneshine night,
 Arriud two houres before the dawning light
 At their knowne Randeuouz, and from thence marcht
 To the Townedike, which being safely past,
 They scaled all at once the Rampierd wall,
 And from thence on the Spanish guards did fall.
 The fight was bloudie, for the vanquisht foe
 Five hundred of their *Pbalangiers* could show,

Slaine on the place, but of the *Dutchmens* side
 Scarce two full squadrons in this combate dyed.
 But that which did the victours triumph crosse,
 V Was valiant *Lambarts* still deplored losse,
 V Who overheated in this toilesome fight
 Resign'd within eight dayes his honour'd sprite
 To mightie *Ioue*: his *Manes*, great *Nassaw*
 Then whom this *Agno* colder *Fabius* saw,
 Pursued vnto those blest *Elisian* shades,
 V Whose euerliuing pleasure neuer *Fades*,
 V Where all true *Patriots*, which for freedome fight
 Receiue the Crowne of their deserued right.

FINIS.





To my industrious friend
Master W. C.

V Hat sullen Prose in harshnes did rehearse,
Smiles through thy soule with a diffusive light
Like the Promethean fire: for by thy verse
Are wakened from the Chaos of blacke night
The worthies of our time, that by thy pen
Rise from oblinions graue to life agen.
And for their sakes Mars with a steely Train
Of his undaunted Sons presents thy brow,
The guerdon of thy sweet Poeticke vaine
A Lawrell of Mineruaes choicest bow:
Procede in thy designs, and let thy praise
Out live the crooked carping age of dayes.

John Dowle Bristol.

